

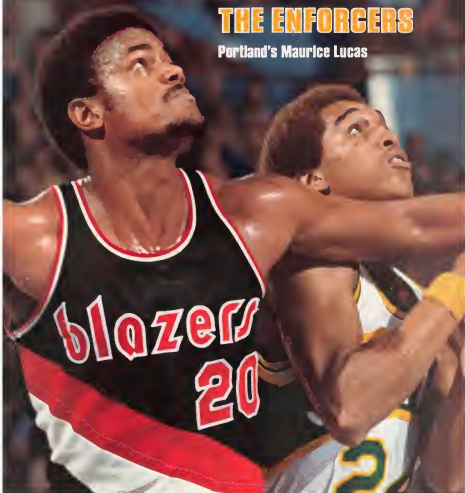
PRO BASKETBALL

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 31, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

THE ENFORCERS

Portland's Maurice Lucas





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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



HARRY BENSON. BACK FROM THE FRONT

When Senior Editor Scot Leavitt decided a few months ago that we should take a look at some of the NBA's toughest customers for this week's pro basketball issue (*The Enforcers*, page 38), several of our photographers said Harry Benson was the ideal man to shoot the story. Because the recommendations came from his colleagues, Harry took it as a great vote of confidence: it was only after he had completed the assignment that he realized that the "vote of confidence" may have had more to do with his peers' preference for wearing their cameras around their necks rather than in their ears.

Benson, however, got along famously with his collection of hardwood hard guys. In fact, Calvin Murphy, the feisty 5'9" Houston Rocket guard, who was last seen tap-dancing on a much larger opponent's forehead, even called to tell us that Harry was "nice people."

This comes as no surprise to anyone who knows Benson well. He may be the American photographer most beloved by people not generally noted for their lovable dispositions. Joe Namath, who has been known to be truculent with the press, would, if he could, do deep knee bends if Benson asked him to. Querulous Bobby Fischer sat still for Benson. Richard Nixon

was a frequent and amiable subject.

"I think Nixon liked me because I was the only photographer who showed up at the White House dressed," says Benson. "Everybody else who came to take his picture looked like a maintenance man. When you're working with someone who is known as a difficult subject, it's just as well not to immediately do something that offends or alienates him. The people who go about glowering at the world don't really want to be on the outs with everybody. They want to be liked, they want somebody to be their friend—so why shouldn't it be me?"

Benson grew up in Glasgow, Scotland, where he was a professional soccer player for four years. "I was a goal-keeper in a league where the players got an extra five pounds if their team won. A lot of our people needed those five pounds to put food on the table, so in my position I took the bread from their mouths if I played poorly."

From soccer, Benson turned to photography. He covered the Paris peace talks for *LIFE*, and the uprisings in Hungary, the war in the Congo as well as the insurrection in the Dominican Republic for the London *Daily Express*. "You get to know what a hard man looks like," Benson says. "It's not the man who makes a lot of noise and throws his weight around. These NBA enforcer chaps have a way of looking at you and measuring you, like a prize-fighter."

Staff Writer John Papanek, who interviewed the enforcers and did the story that accompanies Benson's pictures, often had to massage their egos in hopes that they wouldn't later massage his face, though he claims, "I never felt physically threatened while I was working on the piece." But he adds, "Did you ever sit at your typewriter and hear footsteps? If Darryl Dawkins doesn't like this story, I'm gone."

For his part, Harry Benson is, as usual, not worrying.

Sack me up

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Footloose

by J. D. REED

**A MUSEUM SO HEAVY WITH AMERICANA
IT WILL HOOK THE PASSIONATE ANGLER**

The past lurks in remote corners of sport, is elevated to Hall of Fame, documented in record books and possibly exaggerated in the memories of aging athletes. History, however, no matter how glorious, is never as interesting to us as the breathless and exciting present, which demands our skills, attention and concentration.

But say it has been raining steadily for three days in southwestern Vermont, and the Battenkill—a precious, if faded, trout stream—is too muddily to work now with anything but the largest nymphs, and say that as a dedicated angler you've exhausted your interest in pinocchio in the camper and in sharpening your cleaning knife, and you've told all the stories about that hog of a brown who snapped your leader on the West Yellowstone. In other words, you've had it and are ready to sit through a Walt Disney film at the local drive-in for lack of any noticeable purpose in life. Then, I say, I say, it is time to visit the Museum of American Fly Fishing in Manchester, Vt., a truly beautiful experience, as necessary to the trout fisherman as is Cooperstown to baseball buffs.

Located in rooms rented from the Orvis Company, which makes fly rods and beautiful catalogs, the Museum of American Fly Fishing is a fine example of what can be done with the dedication, love and intelligence it takes to preserve not only the history of angling, but the passion as well.

Like most museums of sport, this one trades heavily on the famous names that once were involved with angling. Not surprisingly, there is an Ernest Hemingway display case, where, next to a photo of Hemingway, apparently taken when he had already made his mark as a patriarch of the outdoors, one can see his delicate Hardy Fairy rod, a worn fly hook showing some battered streamers against the fleece, a letter from his son John, and other scraps of Papa's memorabilia.

Almost everyone who was anyone has a separate case. There is a large one devoted to President Eisenhower, in which rods, reels, creels and fly boxes rest with a letter explaining that the old general had two favorite fly patterns—The House and Lot and The Spirit of Pittsford Mills.

And there is a display for Herbert Hoover, a fervent dry-fly fisherman, showing his book, *Fishing for Fun and To Wash Your Soul*. There are cases for Joe Brooks and the late Arnold Gingrich, publisher of *Esquire*, in which fishing vests hang from pegs like mummy

wrappings or like the jerseys of dead football players—as eerie representation as unsettling as a stuffed salmon struggling to throw a hook on a walnut wall plaque. One begins to imagine the room filled with the bones of all the trout taken on flies in America, a bone pile several miles high, all the fine flesh cooked and eaten, all the dead fishermen come to the feast to argue the merits of favorite streams and to exchange tall tales so dear to the fishing breed.

But of course a museum is a museum, a compartment of history, a carpetbag full of the machinery of an earlier age. David Ledlie, a quiet, bespectacled man who is now assistant curator of the museum and chemistry professor at Bates College in Maine, says, "Fly fishing is as much a part of our history as the Revolution and the move westward in the 19th century. It may not be of critical importance, but preserving it tells us a lot of things about us that will someday be valuable to historians of American culture."

The displays built around famous personalities of the past are like attractor flies, both colorful and appealing, openly used to get visitors into the museum. There is a good deal more to the place. The rod maker's art is there, from a carved lancewood 12-footer made circa 1832 by Charles Murphy—he was the man who first split bamboo and fashioned a commercially feasible rod from it—to contemporary Leonards, Paynes and Orvys.

There is Winslow Homer's fly rod, a custom-made number by one B F Nichols. There are Malloch salmon reels, rare angling books, rod makers' patterns and a stunning display of old flyer patterns with names such as Lord Baltimore, Black Maria and Quack Doctor.

And in a building half a mile away, David Ledlie works patiently, cataloging gifts to the museum, more than 400 rods that range from common to most rare, a compact but rather complete library of volumes on fly fishing, thousands of flies chewed on by the trout of the past, horsehair fly lines, small boxes filled with brass reel parts from the 1830s, old wicker creels, weathered landing nets, 21-foot gut leaders.

Says Ledlie, "It's fascinating to see what was done in the past, and to appreciate it. But after a day of cataloging historical flies, I'm ready to hit the stream. Mostly this paper work is something to do when the ice is on the river."

Back in the museum, a few young boys wander among the exhibits. Out in the Orvis showroom, men flex the new graphite rods, check out the latest reels and waders. There is no ice on the Battenkill, and there are trout out there waiting to be part of someone's history, waiting to rise to the immediate and living thing that is the experience of fishing. But the past stays with us, preserved in the museum, a necessary link between what we are and what we were.

END

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

UNBOUND

The Senate Commerce Committee held hearings last week on a bill, S. 2036, introduced by Senators Ted Stevens (Rep., Alaska), John Culver (Dem., Iowa) and Richard Stone (Dem., Fla.), which would make the United States Olympic Committee the central coordinating body for amateur sports, authorize the American Arbitration Association to settle disputes and guarantee athletes the right to take part in international competition. The bill follows recommendations made in January by the President's Commission on Olympic Sports.

Senators who have chaired hearings on sports bills have often been voted out of office when up for reelection, a pattern that moved Senator Stevens, who chaired the hearings, to say, "Either this one flies this year, or there will be no more bills." Stevens urged compromise, noting, "Too often sports organizations have come to us and said, 'If we don't get 100% of what we want, we'll oppose you 100%.'" In the case of the NCAA and high schools, both with effective lobbies, such opposition can endanger the mildest of proposals.

The basic question is whether the U.S., with so much of its sport under the control of schools, can ever have a cooperative group of sports organizations. The issue was drawn most clearly in the debate over athletes' rights. Speed-skater Sheila Young, rower Anita DeFranz, marathoner Kenny Moore, water-polo player Carl Thomas and biathlete Ed Williams testified that athletes had been prevented from representing the U.S. in international competition or had been penalized afterward for doing so. They urged that freedom of entry in international competition be guaranteed by law.

The NCAA's executive director, Walter Byers, said the colleges wanted to maintain the power to keep athletes out of international competition if it conflicted with school programs. Startled, Stevens asked Byers, "Isn't there any event—perhaps the Olympic Games—in

which an athlete should have an absolute right to compete?"

Replied Byers, "Our rule says that if a man competes outside, he can't go back and compete on the college track team. Now what is the objection to that rule?"

One objection is that the NCAA has put its cart before the U.S.A.'s horse. The President's Commission found that U.S. sports groups were "unbound by any common purpose." It seems they are still unbound, and so long as the NCAA is unwilling to compromise on healing legislation, they will remain so.

TOP TOPPLER

Bob Specia, a University of Pennsylvania swimmer, is spaced out by dominoes. Specia, who is in the Guinness Book of World Records for toppling 22,221 dominoes last year, recently spent four days setting up 55,555 dominoes on the basketball floor of the Palestra. Guarded by a security man, the dominoes spelled out various messages, such as D-E-K-E for Specia's fraternity and H-A-P-P-Y B-I-R-T-H-D-A-Y M-A-R-I-E for a girl Specia toppled all the dominoes on the morning of the Brown game, and that afternoon the Penn football team knocked

the Bruins down in a 14-7 upset.

Specia began setting up dominoes five years ago when a high school math teacher drew an analogy between an infinity of numbers and an infinity of dominoes. Fascinated by this domino theory, Specia found, "I could do different patterns and formations, and before I knew it I was setting them on the basement floor. It kept getting bigger and bigger." At Penn, Specia has set up slogans, such as I-M-P-A-L-E Y-A-L-E, on the deck of the pool for his teammates on the swimming team. "It gets the guys psyched up," he says. "The guys watch the dominoes fall down and they cheer."

Depending on the formation, Specia says, standing dominoes fall at the rate of 30 to 35 per second, and he calculates that if dominoes were set up in a straight line from New York to Los Angeles, it would take 10 weeks for the last domino to fall over. Specia also builds ramps at a 10-degree incline, using yardsticks on domino boxes, and by setting up and toppling dominoes uphill on 20 ramps at the same time, he creates his version of a marching band. Some of the ramps crisscross, others are shaped like arrowheads. One of the fanciest formations is the super peel off, which Specia describes as "10 to 15 rows just peeling off a central line like a banana."

Specia has been psyched by his own act. When he arrived at Penn, his best time in the 100-yard breaststroke was a modest 1:09. Now he is down to 1:02. "It's just incredible," he says.

WHACKED QUARTERBACKS

After years of domination by runners, this was supposed to be the year of the college quarterback. Instead, it has become the year of the injured quarterback. Particularly hard hit have been some of the top teams. With quarterbacks sidelined for part or all of the season, Heisman Trophy candidate Gifford Nielsen, quite possibly the best pure passer in the country, is out for the season with torn knee ligaments; Danny Davis of Houston has a separated shoulder; Rodney Allison of Texas Tech a broken bone in his left leg. Guy Benjamin of Stanford, a passer who many ranked with Nielsen, missed a game after straining knee ligaments. Matt Cavanaugh of Pitt came back after fracturing his left wrist in the opener against Notre Dame, as have Thomas Lott of Oklahoma, who sat out two games after he suffered an injured

(continued)



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nerve below his right knee, and Rod Gerald of Ohio State, who was on the bench for the last quarter after suffering a neck injury against Oklahoma.

With the exception of Woody Hayes, who blamed Gerald's injury on an unnecessary head tackle ("You can expect that when you play Oklahoma"), no coach attributes the injuries to headhunting. Instead, there are various theories at work, and what they boil down to is the popularity of option offenses and bigger and stronger and quicker defensive linemen. Jackie Sherrill, the Pitt coach, says, "The defenses have changed. When the options came out it was felt that the best way to stop them was to go after the quarterback, get him before he could release the pitch. Today there's a new theory: 'slow play' the quarterback. With all the eight-man lines in college football, you give him the opportunity to pitch or keep. If he keeps, the pursuit is to blind-side him. You force the quarterback to run. Because he does so much running, he's vulnerable."

Coach Bill Yeoman of Houston suspects that football has become overbalanced in favor of powerful linemen built up by weight programs. "The differential in weight lifting may be the point at which it's beginning to show," he says. "We try to build up a quarterback's strength by having him lifting weights in the off-season. Once the season starts, however, we try to limit a quarterback's weight work because it might affect his throwing motion. Linemen never stop lifting, and the difference has become substantial."

SELLING SHORTS

Instead of the peasant look, Yves St. Laurent should turn to the jock look. One of the hottest fashion items for women these days is track shorts. "Women as old as 60 are wearing them," says Gunner Hager of Triangle Sporting Goods in Baltimore. "We sell all we can get our hands on." Mike Warren of Bucky Warren's in Boston reports, "We went through more running shorts this year than at any time in our 25-year history. We couldn't get enough of them."

The shorts sell from \$3 to \$12 a pair, and the most popular design is with the V-notch on the leg, the most popular colors scarlet, navy blue, navy blue and Kelly green, with a stripe down the side. For some shoppers, the one thing to own a pair in every color available.

According to Al Wartel, a vice-president of Felco, a New York manufacturer that has sold 600,000 pairs of shorts this year, sales began increasing steadily a few years ago as women began to jog and to take part in school sports programs. "Then this past spring there was a tremendous, tremendous upsurge, with the shorts selling primarily as a fashion item," Wartel says. Tom McBride, New England sales rep for M. J. Soffe, a North Carolina manufacturer, enthuses, "I'm taking orders for November 1978." In short, in shorts the end is not in sight.

DEER DYNAMICS

What would happen if deer hunting were prohibited? There would be problems galore according to Robert Miller, the wildlife program manager for Maryland, where hunters kill 10,000 deer a year. There are now an estimated 60,000 to 80,000 white-tailed deer in Maryland, and if not hunted, the population would double in two years.

"There would be serious crop damage, especially to the corn and soybean crops in the lower Eastern Shore," says Miller. "We experienced that problem in the mid-1960s in Dorchester County." There would also be far more deerkilling on state highways. Drivers now kill about 1,000 deer a year and, Miller says, "We could expect that figure to climb, along with injuries and even deaths to the state's motorists. Then there would be malnutrition-related problems with the deer, including parasites and disease. There might be some starvation."

Miller notes that in Vermont, where there is a century-old law prohibiting the hunting of does, an estimated 46,000 deer died in 1971 from starvation and attacks by dogs and other animals. By contrast, hunters took only 8,000.

SUPER FANS

Mirror, mirror on the wall / Who is the biggest fan of all? One nominee is Dr. Charles Davis, who has attended every Maryland home football game since 1930 when he joined the Veterinary Science Department. Another is Bob Beaven, a 53-year-old Houston accountant, who this week will see his 506th college football game. Beaven plans to visit the 250 top college teams in the country. He has about 50 to go.

Then there is Giles (Bud) Pellerin, a 71-year-old retired accounting examiner, who has seen every Southern Cal foot-

ball game, home and away, since 1926. Last week Pellerin attended his 543rd game, the loss to Notre Dame in South Bend. In the old days Pellerin used to go to games by train (he had understanding bosses), but now he usually flies on the USC team charter. Over the years he has logged close to 600,000 miles. His streak was almost broken in 1949 when he had an emergency appendectomy on the Tuesday before the UCLA game, but he got himself sprung from the hospital at noon Saturday in time to make the kickoff. "I don't think I'm a nut," says Pellerin. "It's all been fun. After all, you spend a lot more on other things."

INSTANT REPLAY

Happy birthday, Instant Replay, born 10 years ago in Redwood City, Calif. The complex replay machine, called the HS-100C, costs about \$110,000 and is now entering its third electronic generation. There are more than 300 such machines around the world (the Russians are said to be anticipating the acquisition of several for their 1980 Olympic coverage), but despite the revolution that the device has brought to TV, John Poole, the senior staff engineer at Ampex Corporation who headed the development team, rarely bothers to watch sports on the tube.

Poole, who came to the U.S. from England in 1960, finds American football incomprehensible. "I have no knowledge of football," he says. "I played some rugby football, but I was astounded when I saw American football. Everyone seems to get tackled in your game." True to form, Poole did not watch any of the NBA playoff games earlier this year, and he finds golf a bore because "there is too much walking between holes." Poole says, "The BBC has a couple of our recorders. Maybe they cover cricket matches with them. Cricket would provide you with a lot of time to see the highlights."

THEY SAID IT

◆ Bill Lee, Red Sox pitcher, asked to assess the results of the World Series after attending the final game: "I think there are going to be a lot of Reggies born in this town."

◆ Bum Phillips, Houston Oilers coach, asked if it would be an advantage to play the Steelers on a Sunday, after they had played Monday: "Nope, but it would be if we got them after a Saturday night game."

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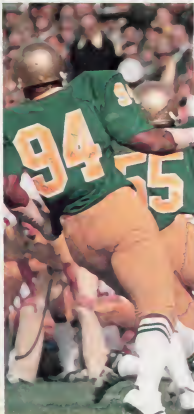
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THEY WERE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TOMASE



Quarterback Montana ran for two TDs and threw to McCaffrey for two more



Notre Dame's swarming defense forced the Trojans into five turnovers

Notre Dame Coach Dan Devine surprised his players by issuing them green jerseys, then his team went out and turned USC green around the gills with a 49-19 upset

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

DRESSED TO KILL



Dan Devine, the nation's fifth most vicious active coach, is not considered to be cut from the same oratorical bolt as those who have preceded him at Notre Dame. His propensity for incomplete sentences often leaves interviewers in shock. His idea of a speech before his team goes onto the field would be "Don't forget your helmets, men." Up there Rockne has been growling.

But last week Devine found just the right words to pump up his team. The result was that on Saturday, outlined against a blue-gray October sky, Notre Dame's Fighting Irish throttled Southern California 49-19. The victory came at a particularly opportune moment for both coach and team. The Irish, a No. 1 preseason pick by many, had been unimpressive against mediocre opposition (ex-

cept for Pitt, they had not faced a Top 20 team) and even managed to get beaten by Mississippi. This in turn had started the wolves to howling again for Devine's hide. A bumper sticker which sold for \$1 outside Notre Dame Stadium before the USC game said, DUMP DEVINE. Somebody painted over Devine's name on his parking place outside his office and made it read "5 minute parking"

continued



Burgmeier stunned USC with an interception, an improvised pass and a 21-yard run off a fake kick

NOTRE DAME vs. USC continued

But with this win and a 5-1 record, three of the four major bowls (the Rose is excluded because of its Big Ten-Pac 8 commitment) are hanging after Notre Dame. "Cheer, Cheer For Old Notre Dame" is back on the charts. Up there Rockne is smiling.

Observers could see it building all week. On Monday and Tuesday the Irish practiced with such vigor that the coaches had to ease up the drills to prevent mayhem. On Wednesday, after an excellent workout, the taciturn Devine became almost loquacious as he told his team. "I think we could grab ourselves a drink of Nutrament and play them under the lights right now and win."

Then on the day before the game the players found their tennis coach, Tom Fallon, in their dressing room—to sing a few Irish ballads. But definitely not light-hearted ditties like *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*. Instead, he sang *The Wearin' of the Green*, a song that laments, "They're hangin' men and women for the wearin' of the green."

Devine had only just begun. Unknown to all but a few intimates, he had ordered green jerseys for the wearin' on

Saturday—the first time the Fighting Irish had donned such shirts since 1963. The players, who warmed up in their conventional dark blue jerseys, didn't know of the play until they were handed their starting game shirts back in the locker room moments before the kickoff. When Notre Dame came onto the field, the crowd of 59,075 erupted into startled cheers and Southern Cal started checking to see if it was in the right stadium.

Still, the Trojans, who had lost to Notre Dame only once in the past 10 years, took the opening kickoff and marched for 42 yards, only to fail to score when a field-goal attempt was short. The Irish then broke this season's precedent of not scoring in the first quarter by driving 80 yards in 11 plays the first time they got the ball, the touchdown coming on a four-yard blast by Dave Mitchell.

But 7-0 against explosive Southern Cal is nothing. Sure enough, with 10:44 to play in the half, Notre Dame's Terry Eulack was popped hard on his own five, the ball squirted loose and USC Linebacker Mario Celotto grabbed it and took three steps into the end zone. The kick tied the score, and the feeling was in the air that No. 5-ranked USC was getting ready to demonstrate why it was No. 1

before losing to Alabama—and why it might well belong back at the top of the heap.

Ted Burgmeier, a 186-pound Notre Dame cornerback, did not share that feeling. In his sophomore year, playing split end, he caught an 80-yard pass against North Carolina to win the game, as a junior he had 10 unassisted tackles against South Carolina. But, on a team with an abundance of stars, Burgmeier was a household name only if he didn't step outside his own house. In the closing minutes of the first half last Saturday, however, Burgmeier assured himself a place in the Notre Dame pantheon.

With 2:37 remaining and the score still 7-7, Joe Montana, a third-string quarterback earlier this fall, carried the ball in from a yard out to make it 13-7. Then came the extra point attempt, with Burgmeier holding for kicker Dave Reeve. But the snap was bad, skidding back to Burgmeier, who bobbled it. Jumping up (he's used to jumping up—he's also a pole vaulter), Burgmeier bolted to his left. Just as he was about to try to run it in, he spotted Halfback Tom Domin open in the end zone and, with a shotgun motion, lofted the ball to Domin, who made a spectacular catch just in bounds.

So USC, which had figured to go in at the half down by only one TD, was trailing 15-7. And the storm was not over. Trojan Quarterback Rob Hertel tried to pass to Randy Sammin, but Defensive End Ross Browner deflected the ball and Luther Bradley picked it off in mid-air for his 15th career interception, tying the Notre Dame record. With less than a minute to go, and the ball on the USC 34, Burgmeier trotted in to hold for the field-goal try. Except it was a fake. Burgmeier took the snap, placed it down and Reeve swung his leg. At which time Burgmeier gathered up his package and raced around the right side to the 13. On the next play Montana, who completed 13 of 24 for 167 yards, threw a nifty touchdown pass to his All-American tight end, Ken MacAfee, who was to end the day with eight receptions and two touchdowns. Burgmeier was on his way to hold for the extra point when the press-box announcer said, "Burgmeier will hold—we think." He did this time, and it was 22-7 at the intermission.

After the game Burgmeier was enjoying the fruits of his labor as he lounged in his apartment. "I'm not usually the one in the sun," he said. "I'm kind of tick-

led." On Wednesday night he had been sick to his stomach from worrying about the game; later in the week he decided to help his wife out in the kitchen by making his first cake, marble with chocolate icing. It was very uneven. On Saturday there was nothing uneven at all in Burgmeier's performance. In addition to the above heroics, he intercepted a pass on his own 14, preventing a likely touchdown. Turning back upfield, he made a pirouetting zig-zag run of 38 yards that if straightened out would have taken him across the USC goal line instead of to the Trojan 49. He also had four unsisted tackles during the afternoon and joined in four others.

As the Notre Dame players clattered into their dressing room at halftime, they faced a magazine cover from 1974. It was a photo of star USC Tailback Anthony Davis running over Notre Dame defenders and the caption was "What a comeback!" That was the game in which Notre Dame was ahead of the Trojans 24-6 at

the half, only to have USC roar back and win 55-24. The import of the cover was not lost on the players.

When the second half started, the official scorer needed time-outs to keep up with the Notre Dame blitz. Linebacker Bob Goile, brilliant all afternoon, blocked a punt, and Defensive Tackle Jay Case picked it up and went 30 yards for a score. Montana passed again to the sensational MacAfee for another touchdown; Montana made it across again from the one; and in the dying seconds junior Quarterback Rusty Lisch passed four yards to Kevin Hart for the final TD. USC was held scoreless through the third quarter and got its remaining 12 points in the last 15 minutes when its tragedy was already set in concrete.

Late Saturday night Devine was looking across South Bend from the 14th floor of a bank building, surrounded by a few friends. He was relaxed enough to reflect on the DUMP DEVINE stickers and his own style. "If you try to copy some-

body else," he said, "it works O.K. until you go in at halftime and revert to your real self. Then the players are really confused."

Immutable Dan Devine is back on the high road. It is the one that is painted green. **END**



Devine proved he knows how to get his trash up

MINNESOTA'S MIRACLE

by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

Much about the game smacked of a 19th century penny-dreadful melodrama. Underdog Minnesota rose up out of deepest adversity to smite the unbeaten favorites from Michigan 16-0—but only after an emotional act of pregame evangelism by an assistant coach and only after an untired quarterback was picked to start the game, and finally because all the winning points were scored by two young men from Michigan who felt they had to vindicate their decision to play for Minnesota. To top off the aura of a game played by heroes in moleskins and leather helmets, Minnesota won on a field of grass—something the fluster runners from Michigan seemed unable to cope with.

The Wolverines came to Minneapolis with a 6-0 record and a No. 1 ranking. They had outscored their opponents by a 193-42 margin. The unranked Gophers had a 4-2 record, they had upset UCLA, but subsequently had looked so bad in losing to Iowa 18-6 and in barely defeating Northwestern 13-7 that sportswriters had begun to call for Coach Cal Stoll's scalp. Moreover, Minnesota had not beaten Michigan since 1967.

In the week before the game, an angry Stoll made his discouraged Gophers go back to fundamental drills on blocking leads. Tempers wore thin, and fights broke out. No one knew who the starting quarterback would be. The

Gophers' placekicker, Paul Rogind, whose soccer-style kicks had produced the winning points in three of Minnesota's victories, was badly crippled by a pulled hamstring.

Ah, but then the spirit of Bruce Smith and Pug Lund and those other fiftied Minnesota heroes of the legendary past rose among the Golden Gophers and life began to look beautiful. It all started on Friday night when Stoll called a team meeting, put a replica of the Little Brown Jug—a trophy for this game dating back to 1903—before his players and called on Butch Nash, a hero from the Minnesota national champions of 1936 and an end coach at the school for the past 30 years. Nash waxed eloquent about tradition, pride and the importance of giving "110%." When he finished, players were weeping.

The next morning Stoll met with his three top quarterbacks to decide who would start. "I kept looking at their eyes when I talked to them," he recalls. "Mark Carlson was looking right back into my eyes. I made a gut decision right then that he would be my quarterback." Carlson, a sophomore, hadn't played one minute all season.

It was not until the pre-game warmup that Stoll became certain that Rogind was hale enough to kick off. But he was, and he was also hale enough to put Minnesota on from 3-0 with a 41-yard field goal as the first quar-

ter. It was all the sweeter for Rogind, for he grew up less than an hour's drive from Ann Arbor. Then Michigan Quarterback Rick Leach made a sloppy pitchout, and Minnesota recovered the ball on the Wolverine 12. Four plays later freshman Marion Barber scored from the three. Barber, too, grew up in Michigan but was so intensely recruited by Wolverine coaches that he felt "they were hawking me" and went to Minnesota.

With Rogind's extra point, it was 10-0 and the first quarter was only 6:25 old. The Wolverines were flat, but the turf was also playing havoc with their offense, which relies on speedy cuts and dashing pichouts. (The two games Michigan lost last season—Purdue 16-14 and USC 14-6 in the Rose Bowl—were played on grass.) In addition, the Wolverines lost the ball five times to the Gophers on fumbles or interceptions, and the Minnesota defense was magnificent in containing them, allowing Michigan just 80 yards on 33 rushes while Carlson guided Minnesota to 190 yards on 61 attempts. And in holding the Wolverines scoreless, the Gophers were merely miraculous; not in the previous 111 games had Michigan failed to score.

Rogind added two more field goals to wrap up the victory. When the game ended, the entire Gopher team dashed to the Michigan bench to pick up the Little Brown Jug. Later they voted unanimously to award the game ball to Butch Nash. It all made for an ending so happy it was almost impossible to believe. Now, if those old Minnesota ghosts will just hang around for awhile. **END**

BILL RODGERS TOOK MANHATTAN...

Bill Rodgers, 37, of Boston, was the first American to win the Boston Marathon in 1975. He was also the first American to win the New York City Marathon in 1976. He was also the first American to win the New York City Marathon in 1976.

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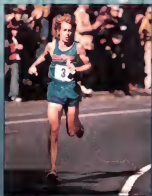
Bill Rodgers, 37, of Boston, was the first American to win the Boston Marathon in 1975. He was also the first American to win the New York City Marathon in 1976. He was also the first American to win the New York City Marathon in 1976.



After crossing the Verrazano Bridge (below), the runners rolled on against a backdrop of skyscrapers.

ly two men emerged from the pack: Steve Prefontaine and Gary Blundin of Minnesota, a 10,000-meter finalist in Montreal. Then Rodgers broke away and ran free for the final six miles. He came home in 21:28.2, the world's best time this year, followed by Prefontaine and Swartz. Debated later the world's best, leading the race for hours, Blundin, who had been listed as a runner for a pulled hamstring, says 10 miles "just summed up the race." "Rodgers ran the 20 miles better," he said. "Most anybody could have made it by finishing on a recent New York day."

—WALTER DUNSTON



Shedding the crowd, Rodgers ran the mile in 21:28.2.



THE WHOLE TOWN'S SACKING THE JONES BOY

New England's rushers threw Bert Jones for 53 yards in losses, held him to six completions, and the Patriots defeated the Colts to stay alive in the AFC East

by DAN JENKINS

Up in rowdy old Foxboro last Sunday afternoon, the most glamorous quarterback in professional football, Bert Jones, got himself knocked out of the running for Mr. Universe, bumped off assorted magazine covers, jarred away from any number of deodorant commercials and just shabbily treated all around by a New England team that finally may have found itself. In fact, the Patriots plan mistreated the previously undefeated Baltimore Colts 17-3 and turned the AFC East into a three-team race that probably won't be decided until Santa Claus suits up. Miami and Baltimore share the lead with 5-1 records, but the Patriots are only one game back at 4-2.

Jones had the worst day of his career, or at least since he emerged a couple of years back as a combination of Johnny Unitas, Sammy Baugh and Jesus of Nazareth. The inflated defense of the Patriots hounded Jones, confused him and put him flat on his No. 7 so often that he began to resemble a white bouquet mysteriously sprouting up through Schaefer Stadium's artificial turf.

Jones' negative statistics were more important than the positive numbers of New England's Steve Grogan, who was transformed into one of the great throwers by a couple of receivers named Russ Francis and Darryl Stingley. High, low, one-handed, falling, diving, Francis and Stingley somehow caught the balls Grogan fired. Meanwhile, Jones was looking like anything but himself.

Jones was sacked five times—he had been sacked only six times in the Colts' first five games—as Baltimore failed to score a touchdown for the first time in Coach Ted Marchibroda's 36-game regime. Five is not a sack record, but they did add up to a loss of 53 yards, or about as many as Jones gained with his six completions in 18 throws. Considering that two of Jones' completions occurred at the very end of the game when the Pa-

triotics were mostly interested in leading their home crowd in cheers, he actually lost more yardage while getting trapped behind the line than he gained through the air when it meant something.

Jones also spent a good deal of time running around trying not to get sacked, as the Patriots' 3-4 defense, with its many scheming variations, applied relentless pressure. Five times Jones had to scramble when he wanted to pass. Unbelievably, he did not complete his third pass until there was just 3:40 left to play in the game.

The Patriots' sackers were a combination of knowns and unknowns—Sugar Bear Hamilton, Mel Lunsford and Pete Barnes from the starting unit, and Tony McGee and Richard Bishop from the reserves. As McGee so aptly put

it, "We was comin' from everywhere." Bishop phrased it another way, "Their line couldn't pick up our schemes."

But at least Jones was nice about it. According to Steve Nelson, one of the New England linebackers, Jones frequently would say "Good play" or "You're doing a good job" after being molested by the Patriots.

And then there was the New England offense. It may well be that the only thing wrong with the Patriots earlier in the season when they lost back-to-back three-point games to Cleveland and the New York Jets was that agent fellow, Howard Slusher, who convinced New England's two best offensive linemen, Guard John Hannah and Tackle Leon Gray, to walk out on the Patriots before the last exhibition game, not to return until after New England had lost those two games. Patriot Coach Chuck Fairbanks admits, "Having John and Leon out put us in a situation where we were not only without a couple of All-Pros, we were also without two guys who have a lot of very close friends on this team. It had an unsettling effect. We had the best training camp we've had since I've been here [five wins, one loss], but after Hannah and Gray walked out we weren't getting the kind of concentration we needed in prac-

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER JOOSS JR.



Harassed all game, Jones is about to be sacked for a 14-yard loss by Patriot lineman Richard Bishop



Tight End Russ Francis (81) helped set up New England's first TD with two catches, and scored the second by running 27 yards with a Steve Grogan pass

tice. We were making mental errors, and it upset our preparation."

An echo came from Grogan, who with his thin blond mustache looks a bit like the host on *Fernwood 2 Night* and until lately was thought to have nothing in common with Jones except the fact that he also enjoys putting a little Copenhagen or Skoal under his lower lip.

Grogan said, "Having John and Leon gone hurt us a lot. The guys who filled in for them did all right, but we're a very close-knit team and when two of our own are unhappy, we're all unhappy."

With all of that behind them, however, and with the rest of their schedule being much easier than Baltimore's or Miami's, the Patriots have a right to be a jolly group now. Especially after the way Grogan's offense complemented the defense against the Colts, outlasting Baltimore an astonishing 370 yards to 86.

The Patriots scored the second time they owned the football in the first quarter, marching 73 yards in 14 plays that consumed a whopping seven minutes. In the long run, this interminable trip let the Colts know that the line of scrimmage was going to be New England's throughout the day. Grogan got his running attack established with Sam Cunningham and Don Calhoun, who rushed for 63 and 74 yards respectively. And

then when he had Baltimore run-conscious, Grogan drew back and hit Francis, his tight end. First for 21 yards, then again for seven yards. Calhoun scored the touchdown from two yards away. The half ended 7-0 because a first-down fumble by Cunningham at Baltimore's 36 ruined what had every appearance of being another scoring drive. Stingley had made two fine catches of Grogan passes, the yardage was going by monotonously, and everything was clicking.

Cunningham's fumble was only a temporary setback. When New England came out for the second half, it simply took the ball and went 80 yards for its second touchdown, using up almost six minutes of the clock. For a while the Patriots crept along on the ground, but then up popped Francis to prove again that he is more than a professional wrestler. He squirmed loose out in the left flat, took a pass from Grogan and went into his broken-field-running routine. Francis displayed so many cute moves as he avoided one, then two, and finally a third Colt tackler while turning a four-yard pass into a 31-yard touchdown play, it made you wonder if Fairbanks is using him in the right position.

The Colts finally managed to get on the board in the third quarter. Tom Linhart kicking a 36-yard field goal to make

the score 14-3. But later in that quarter—in fact, the very next time they got the ball—the Patriots marched 74 yards to the Baltimore one. On fourth down they settled for the field goal by John Smith that made the score 17-3 and removed any doubt about the outcome.

In contrast to the day Bert Jones did not enjoy, Steve Grogan could look back on 11 completions in 16 attempts for 214 yards and his 10th touchdown pass of the season. Grogan also outran Jones, if you care to be cruel about it, gaining 32 yards to Bert's desperate 26.

But quite obviously, the most important runs of the day were those made by the chaps who forced Jones to sprint backwards. Barnes gained 10 yards for New England on his sack. Bishop gained 14 yards on his. Sugar Bear Hamilton gained 13 yards on his. Lunsford was credited for six yards on his. And McGee got 10 yards on his.

So if New England is now the team it expected to be all along, and if the Patriots get to the playoffs, those 53 yards may wind up being the most cherished numbers of the whole season.

After the game, Jones said, "It was a heavy loss for us, but we're still in the driver's seat."

The Patriots would say he got the seat part right.

END



After each of his homers, the first two shots to right and the third a boomerang blow to center. Jackson tipped his cap to the adoring bleacher masses.

REG-GIE! REG-GIE!! REG-GIE!!!

His clobbering of L.A. and the record book with three home runs propelled Reggie Jackson into a whirl that touched all the bases **by RON FIMRITE**

It had been a nocturnal day, the dampness and gloom relieved only by the lights in the office buildings, but now, at dusk, shafts of sunlight separated the clouds. From the windows of Reggie Jackson's Fifth Avenue apartment the orange leaves of Central Park could be seen glistening below. Jackson ignored this fleeting victory of light over darkness. For him day and night had become indistin-

guishable, so frenetic had been his pace, so numberless his obligations during the previous 60 hours. He was sprawled on a living room chair, apologizing for the bareness of his walls. "Most of my paintings have already been shipped to California," he said. "They're too expensive to be left here over the winter. How about some white. White or red? I'm going to have me a Heineken."

He looked for all the world like a political candidate after a hard day on the hustings. His tie was loose, and the knife-edge creases of his trousers were intersected with fresh wrinkles; he was coatless, and his vest was unbuttoned. Jackson insisted he was not tired, only dazed. He had been that way, he said, since the last of his record-tying three home runs had dropped behind Yankee Stadium's center-field fence in the sixth and, because of him, final game of the 1977 World Series, which New York won 8-4. All three of those homers were hit on the first pitch, and each hammered the Los Angeles Dodgers deeper into a hole from which they never emerged. Jackson, sipping his beer and smiling, recalled them with pleasure.

"Well, the first [a two-run shot in the
continued





Clayton Kershaw got a second Series win in Game 6.

fourth off Dodger starter Burt Hooton) put us ahead 4-3, so that was real enough. It was a hook shot into the stands. Before the second one [a two-run line drive in the fifth], I talked to Gene Michael [a Yankee operative in the press box] and asked him what Elías Sosa threw. I knew I was going to hit the ball on the button after hearing from Gene, but I didn't know how quick it would come. That one iced the game 7-3. Before the last one I saw Charlie Hough warming up. A knuckleballer Frank Robinson taught me how to hit that pitch in 1970 when he managed me in winter ball. I thought if I got a decent pitch I could hit another one out. Anyway, at that point I couldn't lose. All I had to do was show up at the plate. They were going to cheer me even if I struck out. So the last one was strictly dreamland. Nothing was going through my mind. Here it's a World Series game, it's going all over the country on TV, and all I'm thinking is, 'Hey man, wow, that's three.'"

Jackson broke or tied eight World Series batting records against the Dodgers.

His three home runs in the finale tied him with Babe Ruth for the most hit in a game, and they were the most ever hit consecutively. His Series total of five homers was another record, and with a home run in his final at-bat in the fifth game and a walk in his first plate appearance of the sixth game, he hit the most consecutive homers in more than one Series game. He had the most total bases in a Series, 25, and tied the record for most in a game (the sixth), 12. He scored the most runs, 10, and equaled the most in a game (again, the sixth), four.

At the end of Game 6 his teammates flocked to Pitcher Mike Torrez, who had pitched his second complete-game victory of the Series, and Jackson sprinted in from right field, dodging and howling over the spectators, who had flooded on the field, like an NFL running back. He hardly stopped running for the next several days. For more than two hours after the final game he stood before his locker, entertaining and supposedly enlightening wave upon wave of newsmen with his philosophy, his theology and his analyses of the war-torn Yankee season, all the while quaffing champagne and exchanging pleasantries with those of his friends and teammates—they are not necessarily the same—who could get within shouting distance.

Jackson is beyond argument the top media draw in baseball. The space around his cubicle after even far less consequential games looks like the site of a crap game or a rugby scrum. Journalists are attracted to him not merely because he is dramatic and—that word again—controversial, but also for the even more basic reason that he is both willing and able to talk. Those of his colleagues who are less voluble and articulate, and that would include virtually all of them, smolder with resentment, like Cinderella's stepsisters, over the attention heaped on this media darling. It is a cross Jackson cheerfully bears.

He departed the Yankee clubhouse "about half crooked" on champagne sometime after two in the morning. He was driving his Volkswagen down Second Avenue, headed for a favorite saloon, Arthur's Court, when, he says, he observed the Honorable Hugh Carey, governor of New York, emerging from a place at 74th Street. Jackson stopped to chat, and they agreed to continue their discourse at the Jim McMullen bar two

blocks away. "We talked till five in the morning," said Jackson, unimpressed by this revel with the state's chief executive. "Mostly about kids."

Jackson, wobbly but still game, sped home to shower and change clothes. At 6:30 a.m. he was standing at a slight lean before the *Today* show television cameras. Then it was back to the Stadium, where he and those of his teammates still functioning and in the proper humor assembled for a ticker-tape parade up Broadway to City Hall, where Mayor Abe Beame read a proclamation declaring Wednesday, Oct. 19 New York Yankee Day. There, Joe DiMaggio, who had thrown out the first ball of the climactic game, prophesied a new Yankee dynasty. Considering the number of Yankees who say they wish to play elsewhere, the old Clipper's vision of a new ruling family seemed no more reasonable than Dodger Manager Tommy Lasorda's claims of access to a Big Dodger in the Sky. When Jackson was asked by a newscaster after the reception what his plans were, he replied with uncharacteristic brevity, "I'm going to bed."

But he did not. He visited friends at the plush Carlier jewelry store, picked up his Rolls-Royce at the Stadium, bought some newspapers to confirm his own greatness, took a 45-minute bubble bath, watched television with the sound off, had dinner and retired finally at midnight after 40 hours of being more or less on his feet.

A better-rested Jackson entertained small clusters of visitors in his apartment for most of the following day. He did go out to receive the Series MVP award at the Plaza Hotel. Walking to his car after the ceremonies, he found that he required the services of policemen to escape mobs on the sidewalks. "Before the Series they would just stop and stare," Jackson said. "Now they come right up. They're polite enough—not too many backslappers—but I could've been there all day signing autographs."

His performance in the Series did not, he felt, balance out the strife he endured during a season that had him variously at odds with his teammates, his manager and the fans. "No, it's more a relief," he said. He leaned back in his chair as if to demonstrate the point. "I feel almost let down now. I realize that a lot of what happened I brought on myself. When you get so much money, a lot is expected of you. There are too many numbers in-

continued



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expansion to the great dining capitals of every continent as chefs prepare food with Old World patience and dedication to the art. The service, of course, is as warm as your demitasse. Following dinner, the galaxy of entertainment is as bright and varied as the stars in the lowering Nevada sky. Downtown Las Vegas, the most photographed

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volved with the Yankees. You take the economic situation in the country, the city being bankrupt, and here we are, the punsters, the money men. Little things we did and said became major. To me I'm just another person. It confuses me when people get all hyped up over what I do. There are 800 million people in China who don't give a damn. But I feel happy about what happened. I feel a great strength. I feel good for the people who stuck by me. I feel happy for the kids who can see that I made it back after all those odds against me. It was hard enough earlier. Just think what it would've been like if I hadn't performed."

Jackson took a long pull on his beer "Sure, I'll be a Yankee next year. I'm a Yankee mainly because of George Steinbrenner. I'll continue to be one because of George Steinbrenner. But I'll say this, if things aren't better next year, I'll quit. No, that's not quite it. I just don't know if I can take it, that's all. But how can things not be better next year?"

Some friends dropped in, notably the Rev. Jesse Jackson, the Chicago civil rights activist. Reggie asked them to wait in the dining room while he finished talking about himself. He was going home to his Bay Area condominium in a few days, and he was looking forward to seeing his neighbors again, his old friends, some girls and his cats. This business of his requiring fan adulation is, he snorted, so much nonsense. He likes smaller groups, not adoring crowds.

Reggie left the room to pour some more wine for his other guests. Rev. Jackson stepped into the room. Like Reggie, he is a large, broad-faced, mustachioed man. The two Jacksons look enough alike to be brothers, which they are not.

"Because of his intelligence and his gifts, Reggie's domain is bigger than baseball," said Rev. Jackson. "All the bad patches to him do not come on the diamond. He is a fascinating man. He has a sense of history, which so many athletes don't have. I think that's why he gets up for the big games. He has a sense of moment. Greatness against the odds is the thing. Anyone can be famous. Just by jumping out of one of these buildings you can be famous. To be great is a dimension of the authentic."

Reggie came back into the room, looking authentic enough. "Hey, you don't have to go now," he said to some guests preparing to leave. "Sit down. Have some wine. We'll talk a while."

END

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PHOTOGRAPH BY JED DOTY

A fever called Blazermania

Portland's frenzied love affair with its Trail Blazers rages on as the pro basketball season gets going, but the Lakers, among other contenders, aim to cool the ardor

By Curry Kirkpatrick

"Blazermania?" said Kathy Singler, a cocktail waitress in downtown Portland, before the season began. "I've still got scars from Blazermania."

In the bewildering world of the National Basketball Association, which began its 32nd season last week with wholesale personnel changes, bitter free-agent compensation disputes, mad economic wanderlust, a handful of crumbling franchises and one huge punch in the head, it is marvelous to report that love and spirituality and Blazermania continue to run rampant in the wilds of Oregon.

You may remember Blazermania. While other pro basketball teams were staying alive by begging for handouts on telethons or—ugh—moving to New Jersey, Blazermania was making for an



Coach Ramsay at Blazermania's epicenter: the parade through Portland that brought out 250,000 on the day after the Blazers won the title

says Portland's Lionel Hollins, "that when one of us turns an ankle, we all limp."

Blazermania was the force behind the Trail Blazers winning their final 18 games in the Coliseum, including 10 in the playoffs, including, of course, the world championship. Run a lap. Kiss a fir tree. Throw away an aerosol can. Chug-a-lug boysenberry-kumquat juice. And root for Bill Walton. You've got Blazermania.

What Blazermania demonstrated beyond anything else was that in an age when pro sports is so often the dull child of dismal business, a team by its style, character and wholesome ways can still manage to personalize itself, enchant its audience and make everybody feel good. The Trail Blazers didn't simply win the NBA championship. They related. They shared. They got down to their people. In the peculiarly accurate street vernacular of the NBA, the standard opening greeting of "Who's happenin'?" finally can be answered:

"Portland is, what is."

While it is true that Portland is small (400,000 population) and that there is not much to do there in the winter unless you are a duck, the only-game-in-town theory is not enough to explain the sheer intensity of Blazermania. Portland was, and is, a city genuinely moved by its transient basketball representatives as well as by its hometown pride. At first, the town fell head over heels for the team simply because it was going to make the playoffs. "That would have been enough for us," says General Manager Harry Glickman.

But then the Blazers knocked over Chicago, Denver, Los Angeles and Philadelphia on the way to the championship. When the team returned home after winning the fifth game of the final series, 5,000 people met the Blazers at the airport. It was 4:40 a.m.

By the next morning, June 5, V-J day (Victory over Julius), 16 dozen roses and 20 pounds of crab from a cannery on

the Oregon coast had been delivered to the Blazer offices. The Oregonian splashed a banner headline across Page One: WE'LL WIN IT TODAY. The beach at Salishan, a popular oceanside resort, was deserted. At the Christ Church Parish in Lake Oswego, the Rev. John A. Bright kept consulting his watch during the service. He followed the choir down the aisle, said the dismissal by the door and, at the crack of noon, roared "Go, Blazers!"

The day after the championship had been won, an estimated 250,000 delirious Blazermaniacs lined the streets downtown as their heroes paraded from Union Station to Federal Plaza in a display of civic emotion not seen since the earlier V-J day. After Walton's 10-speed bike was stolen and he was lifted and passed end over end by the crowd up to

continued



Walton's bike was ripped off but later returned

embarrassment of riches. Because the Trail Blazers received requests for 18,000 season tickets, while Memorial Coliseum seats only 12,411, the team arranged for its home games to be shown on closed-circuit theater TV—and sold 300 season tickets for that. While fans in other cities were becoming disaffected by bewildering player transactions and tedious financial bickering, Blazermania caused 10,000 Portland school kids to sign and send their favorite team a telegram the length of the bridge between Portland and Vancouver. While players on other teams shave their heads, pierce their ears and leave the slammer on their way to jam-dunking immortality, Blazermania requires its hared guns to pass the ball.

"Teamwork is preached so much,"

the speaker's platform, the redhead poured beer all over Portland Mayor Neil Goldschmidt.

Forward Maurice Lucas rhymed to the masses. "While Ali was up to his old tricks, I predicted it would go in six." Coach Jack Ramsay said, "I will never forget the sight of this sea of happiness." Walton said, "I haven't had as much fun since I was eight years old." A few days later Walton's bike was returned. Now, that's Blazermania.

When will the Blazermaniacs cease and desist? Surely not soon. Specific plays from last year's games are still being discussed in Portland watering holes far into the night. At traffic lights Blazers are besieged by autograph seekers, who think nothing of jumping out of their vehicles to grab a quick name for their collection. When the world championship banner was unfurled in September and the team was introduced before the first exhibition game against Denver, the noise and ovations went on and on until somebody decided to play *The Star-Spangled Banner* to shut the people up. "Next I thought the Blazers would run out with wreaths around their foreheads," said Nugget Coach Larry Brown.

Now Portland's challenge is to be the first team since Bill Russell's Boston Celtics to win two NBA championships in a row, and the second will be considerably more difficult to achieve than the first.

The Blazers will not sneak up on anybody this time. Besides that, over the summer they became indirect victims of the free-agent compensation procedures as perceived by Commissioner Larry O'Brien.

After Los Angeles signed Jamaal Wilkes to a two-year, \$640,000 contract and could not agree with Golden State on suitable compensation, O'Brien awarded the Warriors money and a draft choice rather than, say, Kermit Washington or Earl Tatum or both. The commissioner thus revealed a certain sensitivity to pro basketball realities and singlehandedly made the Lakers an early favorite to unseat Portland.

"We were raped," Laker Assistant Coach Stan Albeck said solemnly.

Other teams will do their share of laughing as well. The 76ers, who tried to trade away George McGinnis and whose coach, Gene Shue, says, "When players are as talented as ours, you have a lot of bitching and moaning," should hitch and moan their way to another Atlantic Division title. The Washington Bullets, who tried to trade away Elvin Hayes, should be good enough to win in the Central.

In the Midwest, the Denver Nuggets, who tried to trade away the entire state of Colorado, and the Chicago Bulls, if Artis Gilmore can stay awake, may find themselves in a dogfight during those rare occasions when the division is not being

diverted by the ongoing battle between the Detroit Pistons and their hated enemies, the Detroit Pistons.

Which leaves the Pacific—the Blazers and the Lakers. On opening night last week the course of this division was dramatically altered only 2:09 into the season when, after some vicious body language underneath the basket, Milwaukee rookie Kent Benson blasted Los Angeles' Kareem Abdul-Jabbar with a solid face to the right fist, knocking his opponent straight upright and fracturing the fourth metacarpal bone. "If he wasn't looking, he should have been," said Kareem, who evidently saw Benson's face coming at his knuckles but was unable to duck the blow. O'Brien thereupon landed a roundhouse \$5,000 fine on Abdul-Jabbar, a league record. Upon emerging from the doctor's office, Abdul-Jabbar pointed to the cast, which will keep him out of action at least three weeks, and said, "The latest in evening wear."

Whatever the case, somebody from this division again should eventually win the NBA championship, surely handing out several of what Seattle's Sick Watts calls "voodoo-whuppin'." Explains Sick, "You get whupped and whupped and whupped again, and you never know what does the whuppin'."

Somebody should let him in on it. Blazermania does the whuppin'. Nobody does it better.

When the going gets rough

... the tough get going. The game is close and physical, but the other team is doing the intimidating—getting the big rebounds, shoving your pivotman, muscling your guards. Enter your Enforcer. The master of that trade is Portland's Maurice Lucas (right), who plays even meaner than he looks in a Portland alley. You won't see him fight much, but he can restore order. His glance can disarm a 220-pound power forward, a choice word from him can neutralize a big horse rebounder and just one well-placed elbow by him can turn a game around. Photographer Harry Benson's portfolio of the NBA's Most Wanted Enforcers follows.





Detroit's Bob Lanier has been incarcerated for seven years, as well as being 6' 11" and 250 pounds



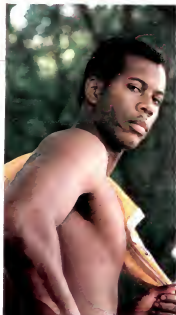
When Houston's 5' 9", 165-pound Calvin Murphy glowers, jester and heavier than don't mess with him



Phoenix 6' 10", 240 pound Dennis Awrey may not float like a butterfly but rivals know he shops like a bee.



L.A. 6' 8", 230 pound Kevin Wash usgon believes in fresh air, weights and letting no one push him around.





'Nobody, but nobody, is going to hurt my teammates'

By John Papanek

Five very large men—and one little guy—were approached gingerly recently and asked this question: "Do you consider yourself an NBA enforcer?"

Without exception, the six initially replied, in as many words, "No, I wouldn't call myself an enforcer."

"Well, um, how do you think the rumors got started?"

"Yeah, well, we all know where the words come from," says 6' 9", 215-pound Maurice Lucas, the quintessential power forward and enforcer of the Portland Trail Blazers. In Lucas' case, the word got out and around three years ago when, as an ABA rookie, he decked 7' 2" Artis Gilmore and dared to duke it with Julius Erving, which is roughly akin to spitting on the flag. "A lot of people think I'm just one of these mean guys," he says indignantly. "Well, I just play rough. That's the way you play when you're in my game."

The other members of this oft-misunderstood class:

- **Kermit Washington**, the 6' 8", 230-pound Laker strong man, is a nice quiet person who lifts weights and sometimes separates people's heads from their shoulders. In one memorable game last November in Buffalo, Washington ended an elbow skirmish with John Shumate by dropping the 6' 9" forward with a flurry of hooks and haymakers. "Shumate came apart in sections," an eyewitness said.

- **Calvin Murphy**, 5' 9", 165 pounds, of Houston, is the littlest man in the NBA, equally adept at twirling batons and demolishing men a foot or more taller than himself. Last November he got angry at Boston's 6' 9" Sidney Wicks, leaped to grab a piece of Wicks' Afro with his left hand, and with his right howitzered Sidney's face into a bloody pulp.

- **Dennis Awrey**, 6' 10", 240, of Phoe-

nix, qualifies either for the Enforcers Hall of Fame or a padded cell. He has thrown punches into the faces of Dave Cowens, Bob Lanier and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. Awrey has the off-court demeanor of a puppy, and his blue eyes twinkle innocently when he says, "Why would I hit a guy for no reason?"

- **Bob Lanier**, 6' 11", 250, of the Detroit Pistons, has had to do little in seven years to establish his reputation: his size is enough. In his second year he kayaked Atlanta 7-footer Bob Christian with one punch. "Most guys in the league have at least a little sense," Lanier says.

- **Darryl Dawkins**, the Philadelphia 76ers' 6' 11", 250-pounder, is the baby of the group. He is only 20, and not even he can predict what sort of havoc he will wreak in the next 10 years. But his potential was made manifest in one fear-some frozen moment in Game Two of last year's championship series. Fighting for a rebound, Dawkins flipped Portland's 6' 6" Bob Gross over his back like a child, dribbled Gross' arm and head on the floor, then took a wild swing at Gross that nailed 76er Doug Collins. On came Lucas, who delivered a forearm to the back of Dawkins' neck. The two squared off while 40 million television viewers held their breath. But Dawkins never threw another punch, much to the relief of Lucas, who therefore did not have to hit him back. "I wouldn't have wanted to meet up my hand," Lucas said. Dawkins, banished to the dressing room, turned over two floor-to-ceiling lockers, then smashed a huge wall fan and caved in a toilet stall.

Events such as these, as any of the principals involved will tell you, are not commonplace in the NBA. In the 41 fights that occurred last season, only eight involved the six premier enforcers. At least partly responsible for keeping the relative peace is the threat of a \$10,000 fine for flagrant fighting. "I guess at times I've felt obligated to fight," says Awrey. "But ever since they put in the \$10,000

fine I don't know how obligated I am."

The fact is that a top-rank enforcer rarely has to fight. Once he has earned his rank, further demonstrations are usually unnecessary. An enforcer's job is to keep things in order on the court, in whatever way works best for his team. If an opponent is taking liberties with a teammate, the enforcer sends him a message. Sometimes a glance is all it takes, sometimes a word or two, sometimes an elbow or an extra-hard pick. But if the opponent sends back a message of his own—"Are you talkin' to me?"—sterner means may be called for.

Until the Lucas-Dawkins confrontation in the playoffs, Philadelphia had been in complete charge, winning the first two games with ease. Lucas had been playing poorly. But his chilling intimidation of Dawkins changed everything. Lucas went on to cow George McGinnis into the worst shooting slump of his career. Dawkins was barely heard from, and the Trail Blazers went on to win the next four games and the championship.

"You need a rugged, we're-not-going-to-take-any-nonsense personality on a team," says Jack Ramsay, Lucas' coach. "It's important for your team to let it be known that you will not be pushed around, will not be intimidated."

"Enforcers are vital," says Pete Newell, former Laker general manager, now a scout for Golden State. "They are part of the game by whatever name you call them. Basketball is not a non-contact sport. You have to have someone out there who loves contact and is willing to keep order."

Because the game has been so refined in the past 10 years, most of today's enforcers are also highly skilled finesse players. That was not so true in the NBA's earlier days when eight teams played each other 10 or 11 times, or in the ABA where many players of unseemly reputation were exiled. In those days, enforcers were more crudely known as "hatchet men"; their job was to protect their

Maybe the corps' junior member Philadelphia's 6' 11", 250-pound Darryl Dawkins can't fight but no one in the league is too nervous to find out

continued

The Enforcers continued

teams' stars. Red Auerbach's Celtics had the first such specialists, 6' 5" Bob Brannum (1951-55). "Red never said 'Go get that guy,'" Brannum recalls. "He'd say, 'Look, don't be intimidated out there.' So if I saw a guy pushing Cousy around I'd say, 'Hey, Cous, bring him down here,' and I'd go home some of the same thing."

Brannum's successor was the legendary Jungle Jim Loscutt (1956-64), who also inherited Brannum's number 18 (later to be worn by notable Celtic scrappers Bailey Howell and Dave Cowens). "Nobody had to ask me to do anything," says Loscutt. "In fact, Red used to have fun with me in a special drill to build my confidence after I'd had a knee operation. He'd throw a ball out on the court and say 'Go get it,' and I'd have to go driving and rolling on the floor. This was during exhibition season. Red would get the guys from the other team and say, 'Watch this,' roll out the balls for me, and I'd go driving."

There were always plenty of fights started or finished by the likes of Loscutt, Walter Dukes, Andy Johnson, Tom Hoover, Al Attles, Gus Johnson, Luke Jackson, Wayne Embry, Johnny Green, Sweetwater Clifton. The classic ABA matchup was John Bricker and Wendell Ladner. But of the three greatest all-time enforcers—Bill Russell, Wilt Chamberlain and Willis Reed—two, Russell and Chamberlain, never really had a fight. "Russell simply intimidated with his skills," says Auerbach. As for Chamberlain, Lenny Wilkens says, "There are a lot of guys walking around today only because he didn't lose his temper."

Most basketball people will tell you that the single greatest basketball fight was "the night Willis Reed cleared out the whole Laker team." The Knicks have a film of the affray that has probably had more runs than *Kung Fu*. It was Oct. 18, 1966, the Knicks' home opener at the old Madison Square Garden. Reed, 6' 8", 235, then in his third year, had been exchanging elbows all night with Rudy LaRusso. After a third-quarter free throw, Reed tripped LaRusso, who tagged Reed with a right while Darrall Imhoff held Willis from behind. Then sent Reed into a frenzy. He slugged Imhoff and chased LaRusso to the bench. Then he hit John Block with an enormous left hook, spreading his nose all over his face, turned and again belted Imhoff, who fell

and knocked live Lakers off the bench like dominoes. Reed planted two more shots on LaRusso and one more on Imhoff, who, bleeding from above the left eye, dived under the bench, to find Block already hiding there with a broken nose.

Recently, Reed chuckled about the incident. "They said I should be banned. All I got was an ejection and a small fine, nothing like what they give out now. You know what would happen if someone did all that today?" Would a full \$10,000 be a good guess?

"My fights come because I play so physical," says Lucas. "Guys don't like it and become highly upset. But I play clean physical. Never hit anybody in the face. I keep my blows between the neck and the belly button. My idea of 'enforcement'—if you have to call it that—is to establish an advantage over a guy that you'll have forever. Take Joe Frazier and Muhammad Ali. I took three monster sessions, but finally Frazier just gave up."

"I never try to hurt a guy. Just maybe wake him up. It usually comes from dirty stuff, like a guy will run by you and shoot you in the back, or he'll take an unnecessary swing while going for a rebound. I don't like to be the policeman. I'm a firm believer in 'you gotta fight your own battles.' Of course, I have to protect Bill [Walton] sometimes because guys are always taking shots at him. We won't fight, we'll just vet a guy up and make a little sandwich out of him—*crush*—wake him up. We've woken up Tommy Burleson a few times. Sam Lacey, Jim Eakins. We try to take care of it right away and not hold it in too long. That's not good for your mental health. To tell you the truth, I don't really know which players are dirty, because a lot of cats don't do to me what they do to everybody else which I like."

Washington's knee injury midway through last season may have cost the Lakers a shot at the championship. But after eight months with his weights, he is stronger than ever. "I'm not a policeman," he says. "I'm not a fighter. I'm just trying to make a living for myself and my family. If I think someone is going to be taking food off my table, away from my family, I get mean. You have to establish yourself in this league. They will push you around if you can be pushed around. Some of us don't have the talent of the Dr. J's and the Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, so we have to do our jobs

the best way we can. I'm just an aggressive guy trying to survive. Really."

Murphy, more than any of the enforcers, detests being known as a fighter. "One hundred percent of my victims attacked me," he says. Those victims, all thoroughly battered, included Wickles, Dale Schlueter (6' 10"), Larry McNeill (6' 9") and John Brown (6' 7"). "I'm just an individual who believes in his rights and the rights of his team," Murphy says. "Nobody tries to poke you in the eye, but I'm right down there on the level where everybody is reaching for the ball. The first thing those big fellows do when they get the ball is swing. I know what's deliberate and what's accidental. As a little guard I have to be fiery. I have to make up for things I don't have. When I clench my fist to hit somebody I'm not making believe."

Fortunately, Murphy has sensibly picked on only one man his own size, Seattle's bald-headed sprite, Shuck Watts, who Murphy says is "a hypocrite" and "on an ego trip." "Ah, I like old Calvin," says Watts. "He's a genius at messin' with you. I always got to make sure he don't make me accidentally trip myself."

Awirey goes at his role somewhat the way Loscutt did, because Phoenix Coach John MacLeod is likely to send him in off the bench specifically to "put things in order." "I'm physical, so I expect to get some abuse back," Awirey says. "But no one ever challenged me until I got into the pros. Not in college, not in a bar. Nothing. I thought I was a peaceful person. I see good and had in terms of black and white. When I started getting pushed around, I decided not to take it. I guess I got my reputation when I punched Kareem in the face four years ago on national TV. Lanner? I don't know. I don't think he's that tough. Two years ago I threw Burleson into the stands in Seattle. Pat Riley and Fred Brown—just a couple of little guys—were tussling around on the floor. I was just watching. Then Burleson attacked Riley. I threw Tommy into the seats, on top of a lady. She almost had a heart attack. Dawkins really scares me because I don't know what's going through his mind. Cowens loses all sight of himself—and everything else. A guy like him is not so unusual in the NFL, but in the NBA he is an oddity."

The massive Lamer vividly recalls his

continued

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The Enforcers continued

first—and, wisely, last—run-in with Chamberlain. "When he picked me up here and put me down over there, I thought he was the boddest," Lanier says. "We were playing at L.A. and they had the ball on an inbounds play. Wilt and I were jockeying for position. The ref stepped in and told us if we didn't cut it out he'd call a double foul. Well, I stepped in on Wilt again and he just picked me up and moved me out of the way. And that was it."

Lanier made quick work of Ekins and Bill Robinson—an entry from Kansas City—one night last season, and flattened an Oakland fan during the playoffs, but few others have been intrepid enough to challenge him. "If I found myself looking face-to-face with Lanier," says Lucas, "I'd invite him for drinks after the game."

The man everyone worries about is Dawkins. Embarrassed by the Lucas confrontation in the playoffs, the Dawk is looking meaner than ever with his shaved head and small gold earring. "Like about 30 million other people, I admire Muhammad Ali," he says. "That is the way I'm going to be this year. If I say I'm going to do something, I'm going to do it. Being an enforcer comes with being my size. Nobody, but nobody, is going to hurt my teammates. If a guy is playing well, they might want to hurt him. You want to keep him healthy because he'll make you some money."

Dawkins says he wishes he had hit Lucas when he had the chance. "From the 'ine I paid [they were fined \$2,500 each], I should've hit him. This year, if I get into a fight, I want to throw the first punch." Says Philadelphia Assistant Coach Jack McMahon: "With a guy like Darryl, you steer clear. Maybe he can't fight, but if you get into it with him, you better hope to God he can't."

The legends grow and the debates continue: Who is the main enforcer of the day? Leave it to the NBA's preeminent creative genius, Pistol Pete Maravich, to come up with a way to find out. "There's a lot of wooing going on in the league," says the Pistol. "Guys do a lot of talking. What I would like to see, since television seems to be promoting everything, is an off-season boxing tournament for NBA players. Let them put on 16-ounce gloves and fight three two-minute rounds. One thing it would do... it would stop a lot of the wooing going on."

END

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Atlantic Division

There are two sure things in the Atlantic Division: Philadelphia will finish on top and the Nets at the bottom. It's the middle that's muddled. The Knicks might even climb over Boston into second place; that old Celtic magic is losing its zing. And in Buffalo the new owner is trying to do for the Braves what he did for the Red Sox.

A current Philadelphia television commercial peddling '76 season tickets ends with Julius Erving saying, "We owe you one. We owe you one." The Dr. is not given to making idle promises, and if he is implying that he will be responsible for bringing the NBA title to Philadelphia, well, who is going to stop him? Now that the Sixers' tragicomic "almost" season is history, Erving's teammates should realize that they alone can stop Erving. The Dr.'s 30.3 average in the 4-2 final playoff series against Portland—40 points in the last game—proves that other teams cannot. So what can the '76ers do to mend their fractious ways? Given the brilliance of Guard Doug Collins, the steady control and defense of Henry Bibby, the muscle of Steve Mui, the amazing shooting and jumping of Lloyd Free—the finger falls on two men.

One is forward George McGinnis, and he knows it. His quite understandable struggle with Erving for control of the team last year turned destructive. The Sixers became notorious for their junior high antics in practice, best symbolized by McGinnis sneaking cigarettes while the team ran fast-break drills. He half expected to be traded, as Coach Gene Shue says, "Apparently there wasn't as much interest in our players as some of them thought." This year McGinnis repented to camp 11 pounds slimmer at 237, in shape for a change. If he concentrates on picking and rebounding and shooting in moderation—a lesson he may have learned after a thorough whipping by Portland's Maurice Lucas in the playoffs—the '76ers will be playing for another championship next spring.

The other main man is 20-year-old, 6' 11" Darryl (Black Jack) Dawkins, with a clean-shaven scalp and a gold ring in his left ear. "I'm the black Kopak," he says. Dawkins took off 10 pounds—he is now a wimpy 250—had his hair removed with "magic shaving powder" and has reasonable hopes of becoming the regular center, displacing Caldwell Jones and causing Harvey Catchings to be shifted to strong forward. Says General Manager Pat Williams, "If Darryl just whetted our palates last year, if he's ready to make that a night-to-night reality, that's the difference between



JULIUS ERVING, PHILADELPHIA

being good and being great." Dawkins made his presence felt in preseason. He collided with Erving and put the Dr. out through the opening game with a strained knee. It could have been worse. "He could have fallen on me," said the Doc.

Late last season, after the Knicks' latest series of desperate moves had failed to get them into the playoffs, Rod Holzman threw up his hands in disgust and said, "Maybe it's time for a new man to run this team." Was he implying that the newest savior, Bob McAdoo, was unacceptable? Was he tired of Spencer Haywood's eternal injuries? Did he think Jim McMillian's jumper was never coming back? Had he had enough of Walt Frazier's sulk? Whatever, Holzman is gone and the problems belong to new Coach Willis Reed. Or most of them.

The Knicks' old captain bulled into the job declaring that the party was over. At training camp players roomed in pairs and ate team meals. They practiced twice a day and ran laps right into exhibition season. Then, after a summer-long search for a deal for Frazier, the Knicks found one. They signed 28-year-old free agent Guard Jim Clemons, a superb playmaker and defender for five years at Cleveland, and sent 32-year-old Clyde to the Cavaliers as compensation. "I feel terrible for Clyde," said his Knick backcourt mate, Earl Monroe, "but I have to admit it may be good for the team." "I will not try to replace Frazier," said Clemons solemnly.

But the very day old Clyde left, the new Clyde arrived. Guard Ray Williams from

Minnesota, the first-round draft choice, who even looks like Frazier did as a rookie. Williams is 6' 3" and super-quick. In his first exhibition games Williams scored 16 points against Boston, then 22 against the Nets. He should make the Garden crowd forget Eugene Riker, Mel Davis and Tom Riker, who happen to be the Knicks' last three first-round draftees. With Williams, Clemons and Monroe—who ages like fine wine—plus the steady Butch Beard, the Knicks' backcourt may be as strong as it was in those magical years of 1970 and 1973.

Reed's very presence should go a long way toward convincing McAdoo and Haywood, now healthy, to learn to play forward and maybe even some defense, and he can at least hope that McMillian finds his shot. Second-year Center Lonnie Shelton played in all 82 games last year and is Reed's personal protégé. There is plenty of depth up front with Tom McMillen, the practically ageless Phil Jackson and rookies Toby Knight of Notre Dame and Glen Gooden of UNLV. Says Jackson, "It's rather odd. We've got a lot of hungry players here."

Boston waited until opening night to resign Sidney Wicks, but even with Wicks impersonating a Celtic strong forward, this team is still weak, lacking an adequate backup center and sufficient help in the corners. Dave Cowens once looked left and right and saw Paul Silas, or Don Nelson, or a vibrant John Havlicek. Now he sees Wicks, or Curtis Rowe, or Fred Saunders, or Cedric (Cornbread) Maxwell. Can you imagine Cowens fire in his eyes, yelling, "Watch the pick, Cornbread!"

Some people think Cowens belted the Celtics a year too soon. He says he will take no more unscheduled leaves. "I feel good, how about you?" he says to anyone who asks. He took a less active role in his network of summer camps that so consumed him last year, made a trip to Japan, attended the weddings of two of his brothers, did some light farming in Kentucky and installed seven Nautilus weight machines in his Wellesley apartment, on which he enjoys "relaxing" workouts. Unfortunately, the Celtics have no one better than Jim Ard or Tom Boswell to relieve him, a situation that forced Cowens to average 42 minutes in Boston's nine playoff games.

Havlicek is back (of course) to play small forward and some guard for his 14th season in his 38th year. He joined the team late, after an appendectomy and some fishing, and

in his first exhibition game ran all over Philadelphia like a rookie. He still has a bad knee, which flared up at times last year, so he will need help, and the only source of that is Saunders, whom Boston rescued from free agency last year.

The Celtics used Wicks, unsigned, last season at strong forward, but when Sidney Demanded a salary in the \$250,000 range Boston told him where to go. Now he is back, along with Rowe, Boswell and the rookie Maxwell, a sensation in last year's NCAA playoffs with UNC-Charlotte.

Desperate is not too strong a word for how Boston felt about the guard position until the Celtics pulled one of the year's steals and signed a "retired" Dave Bing to relieve Jo Jo White and Charlie Scott. The 33-year-old Bing quit the Washington Bullets after sitting on the bench last year. "It was an insult to me," he says. White has painful heel spurs. Scott can still get into foul trouble, and reserve Kevin Stacom has yet to fulfill his promise, so Bing will surely get plenty of time. "Don't anybody think Dave Bing can't play," he says.

The Buffalo Cookie Monster took the money and ran, leaving the Braves a smoldering 30-52. That would be Paul Snyder, erstwhile Nubee king, famed for selling Bob McAdoo, Jim McMillan, Tom McMillan and Moses Malone in a single season. He sold his share of the club to John V. Brown, coattime Kentucky Fried Chicken baron and ABA pres-

ident, who—quick as you can get an order of extra-crispy—bought the Braves back up again.

First he re-signed All-Star Guard Randy Smith, who had threatened to jump ship. Then he traded the Braves' first-round draft pick (No. 3 overall) to Milwaukee for Center Swen Nater, a bruiser, but unproven in the NBA. He let Guard Ernie DiGregorio go to Los Angeles.

Next in one day Brown traded Rookie-of-the-Year Forward Adrian Dantley to Indiana for Forward Billy Knight, the NBA's No. 2 scorer last season, and four hours later he sent Center George Johnson and a 1979 first-round draft pick to the Nets for Guard Tiny Archibald. So with Smith, Knight, Nater, Archibald and Forward John Shumate, the Braves had a respectable starting five—until Archibald tore the Achilles tendon of his right foot in an exhibition against Detroit and was down for the season. This left ABA veteran Chuck Williams, rookie Larry Johnson (Kentucky) and veteran Ted (Hound) McClain to fill Archibald's not-so-tiny shoes. Along the way, Brown somehow remembered to hire a coach, Cotton Fitzsimmons, ex-Phoenix, ex-Atlanta. Where will these Braves be a year from now? A bad guess is Buffalo. If the Braves fall below 4,500 season tickets—they're now at 2,300—Brown has the right to take them out of town. The smart money is on either Hollywood, Fla. or Dallas.

Where—and who—are the Nets? It is not true that the Nets offered to sign any player

who could locate Piscataway on a map of New Jersey. That is where the Nets will play this season and next—on the Rutgers campus, where they will likely be the second-best team. The NBA should grant them a leave of absence while their new home is being built in the Hackensack Meadowslands. Maybe by that time No. 1 draft pick Bernard King, the 6'7" inside terror from Tennessee, will be a superstar and they will have filled the rest of their roster with players.

New Jersey will just be another stop for three of the guards who will join veteran Al Skinner, Bird Averitt, Dave Wohl and Bubbles Hawkins have played on 11 different teams. Hawkins, who didn't do at all badly last year with a 19.3 average after being retrieved from the Detroit City Courthouse, where he almost went to work bundling out summeres, finally signed after an initial request for a two-year, \$200,000 no-out. "Is he kidding?" asked GM Bill Melchioni.

The Nets made a modest improvement in their frontcourt, which—with the potentially great King—only underscores how bad it was. Center George Johnson, from Buffalo, joins free agent Bob Carrington and Kim Hughes, who averaged seven rebounds and shot 27% from the foul line in 81 games. Darnell (Dr. Dunk) Hoffman, from Indiana, suggests a stronger, heavier Jan Van Breda Kolff and enforcer Tim Bassett. But there are sure to be many long nights in Piscataway to try Coach Kevin Loughery's patience.

Central Division

In the first years of this decade, the Central Division championship seemed to be decided as soon as the Bulls' Wes Unseld cut loose with his first outlet pass. Houston and Atlanta and New Orleans would limp in behind and Cleveland Coach Bill Fitch would tell a lot of jokes. But in 1975-76 Fitch's Cavaliers turned serious and toppled Washington, and last year that much-traveled infant Moses Malone led the children of Houston to the top. This year the rejuvenated Bulls should be back, but they will have to outdust the other guys, plus San Antonio. Atlanta? No longer limping. Crawling.

Blame for the Bulls' near-hits the past two years has been laid on Unseld's troubled knees, Phil Cherner's troubling cold spells and Elvin Hayes' trouble. Or all of them. The fact is that Washington could never seem to find the right man for the small forward spot, a weakness that contributed mightily to its em-

barrassing washout against Golden State in the championship series of 1975 and its six-game loss to Houston in the conference semifinals last year. The answer to that problem is Bobby Dandridge, cast off at age 29 by youthful Milwaukee, but still a first-rate seeder who will fit in well opposite Hayes in Dick Motta's running game. In fact Motta states unabashedly that "Dandridge is the key to our championship hopes." Says Dandridge, "Here there's a beautiful mixture of youth and experience."

The experience part of the equation is clear enough. Cherner at 27 can still shoot the picture jumper, though he is troubled by a chronic back problem; Unseld, now 31, is slimmer down, moving better and working harder than he has in years. The youth on the Bulls is what will stir things up. Mitch Kupchak, listed at 6'9" as a rookie out of North Carolina a year ago, played all three frontcourt positions—including Unseld's center spot—with furious intensity, leading the team in floor burns and making a strong bid for Rookie of the Year. When Kupchak-at-center forced Unseld to play small forward, Wes fumed, "It's tough to rebound from 20 feet away." This year the Bulls list Kupchak as two inches taller and claim he is stronger, and center is his best position. "I don't care about starting," he says, "but I want to play consistent



PETE MARAVICH, NEW ORLEANS

SCOUTING REPORTS continued

40 minutes a game." Says Urie, "Whatever they do it's their business, but I'm not going to be happy losing any minutes." Most, of course, loves the competition.

Even when Chenier is fit, there is competition in the backcourt as well. Tom Henderson, the other starter, finished fifth in the NBA in assists after arriving from Atlanta in the Truck Robinson trade. And second-year man Larry Wright, starting for a spell in January, led the Bulls on a 12-4 tear. The draft yielded another shooter, Phil Walker, from Millersville (Pa.) State.

That leaves the enigma of Hayes, who always scores (23.7 last year) but fades at crucial times in the playoffs. Said one Bull, "We just don't know when he's going to go to sleep." That isn't the happiest sort of attitude to start a season with, but Motta insists on optimism. The young Bulls on the team will energize Elton, he thinks, especially Kuechak, who could steal anyone's job. "We've got the horses," Motta gleams, "and we're going to use them."

Motta will need horses, and so will everyone else, if Houston is to be dethroned. The Rockets not only won their first division title but also had their first winning season (49-33) since they entered the league. They went all the way to the conference finals, against Philadelphia, before losing, four games to two. Winning takes so good to us, we tried to do it again," says Calvin Murphy.

Lum Nisulke, voted Coach of the Year in his first season with Houston, modestly claims that the element of surprise was largely responsible for the team's success. "We went for 10 or 15 games where no one scored us," he says. "We snuck up on a lot of people because no one was prepared for a lineup that could stop the big guys. 6'8" Rudy Tomjanovich, 7' Center Kevin Kunnert and 6'10" Moses Malone. The big guys are why the Rockets were outscored only 12 times during the 82-game regular season."

The indispensable man in that combination is Malone. Embraced by Nisulke after first Portland then Buffalo damped him last season, Malone responded by setting an NBA record with 437 offensive rebounds, averaging 13 points and 13 rebounds and blocking 2.2 shots per game. And Malone's work at forward gave new confidence to fifth-year man Kunnert, who had wept openly after being booted by the Houston fans early in the season. Nisulke had thrown the two big men into a fight for the center job.

But Nisulke is concerned that his tall lineup may also be too slow, so he will use the 6'5" Kaniuke character Mike Newlin, at small forward to split open defenses, not to mention a few skulls. This leaves the backcourt on the capable hands of Murphy and lefty John Lucas, the only second-year lead guard in the league who is treated with seven-

year man respect. They are backed up by third-year man Rudy White when he recovers from a broken toe.

Another forward who can break in is 6'9" rookie Larry Moffett out of UNLV, especially if Ed Ratleff is slow to recover from a ruptured disk. "I guess there'll be no surprises this year," says Nisulke. The only surprise will be if the Rockets don't fly.

"Fly" was once a popular jive word used to describe Walt Frazier when he was living high in New York and helping lead the Knicks to two world championships. That was before all the misery and derision from three losing seasons fell heavily on Frazier and ended New York's love affair with Clyde. Now Clyde will be doing his flying in Cleveland, sent there by the Knicks for last year's Cav playmaker Jim Cleamons.

At 32, Frazier is in good shape and still may call up another splendid year or two. In the Cavalier backcourt he teams up with quality youngsters like Fouts Walker, a quick penetrator, rookie Ed Jordan and veterans Austin Carr and Dick Snyder. At forward Cleveland has 6'8" Campy Russell, still trembling on the verge of stardom after three seasons, Bingo Smith, braiser Jim Brewer and Terry Furlow, who can also play guard. In the middle are Jim Chones, now a solid center, and the sometimes brilliant, sometimes awful, Elmore Smith.

Frazier at first was stunned by the idea of leaving the Big Apple, then said diplomatically, "Cleveland isn't New York, but I'm more concerned with being on a winning team."

San Antonio should have no trouble scoring, but keeping the other teams from scoring more will present a problem. The scholard Spurs averaged 115 points a game but allowed 114.4—first in offense and last in defense. And they easily led the league in crazy fans. The Spurs went 44-38, finished third in the division and made the playoffs losing 2-0 in the first round to Boston.

"How'd we do it?" says Coach Doug Moe. "We just ran." They might have been even better but for the absence of Guard James Silas, who missed 60 games after knee surgery. "Maybe the best guard in the game and the NBA will have seen him," says Moe. In his first game on returning, Silas scored 28 points against Denver. The next day he couldn't walk. This year he reported healthy, but after four days the knee flared up and Silas was rushed to a specialist.

Without him, Moe will again be forced to use 6'7" All-Star George (Clemens) Gervin (23.1 points a game) in the backcourt, along with Mike Gale and the aptless Louis Dampier. The starting forwards are powerful Mark Oberding and graceful Larry Kenon, who averaged 21.9 points and set an NBA record last year with 11 steals in a single game. Center Billy Paultz had a down year so Moe picked up free agent Jim Eakins. Even if the

Spurs don't improve, their home-court edge will as soon as renovations are completed on the Hertz Arena. That will increase its capacity from 10,000 to 16,000 crates.

New Orleans has never been a factor in its three years in the NBA. At least this year the Jazz made the move that saved the franchise. That was signing Pete Maravich to a new five-year contract, lucrative enough (reportedly \$500,000 per) to persuade the Pistol to finish his career playing virtuoso solos with a high school band. Maravich proved last season that he is the best guard on the planet, leading the NBA in scoring with 31.1 points a game, and in one dizzying, not-soon-to-be-forgotten night, hitting 26 of 43 from the floor for 68 points against the Knicks. So much for the Pistol, but what about his sidekick?

Leonard (Truck) Robinson, a formidable strong forward, comes from Atlanta as a free agent, with Ron Behagen going to the Hawks as compensation. Gone too is E. C. Coleman, one of the best defensive forwards in the league to Golden State. The starting small forward is 6'5" Nate Williams, quick and a decent shooter. Other survivors are 6'9" second-year man Paul Griffin and 6'8" Aaron James. Center Rich Kelley is second-race, but a late deal brought Joe C. Morrisweather and faint hope from Atlanta. While 34-year-old Gail Goodrich tries to come back after an Achilles tendon injury, Maravich will team up in the backcourt with Goodrich, Jim McElroy, Freddie Boyd and Gus Bailey are in reserve. All in all a typical Jazz year. Watch the Pistol.

When Atlanta's sailorman owner Ted Turner returned home from the seas this summer, he found his coach, Hubie Brown, and his general manager, Mike Stoen, at each other's throats. At issue was a heated deal with Portland for rookie Forward Rich Laurel, the loss of Truck Robinson, and Brown's accusation that Stoen was trying to tap his office telephone. Stoen was fired and Brown became trying to improve a team that was only 31 games and led the league in empty seats. By the end of the pre-season, he had moved 25 players through the Hawks' camp.

Kenny Charles and Armand Hill, a second-year man out of Princeton, emerged as the starting guards but the frontcourt was a mess. Last year's center, Meriwether, was dealt to New Orleans, and his backup, Tommy Burker, walked out. That left 7'1" rookie Wayne (Tree) Rollins of Clemson and 6'9" Steve Hawes to play in the front. The forwards are leading scorer John Drew (24.2) and 6'7" John Brown. The backups are Otis Johnson and Ron Behagen. Laurel, who finally signed after Brown said he had "no use for him," will play guard when he comes off the injured list. Season-tickets sales have soared past 600. If Turner can watch all this and not get ill, no wonder he can drink and still like a champion.

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Midwest Division

All right, place your bets and get ready to sweat until April, because this year's Midwest Division race promises to be the tightest in a long history of good scraps in the hardwood. Here we have Milwaukee, last year's doormat, hitting the Big Triple in the draft. There is Chicago, which was the NBA's best team in the last third of the season and might have been world champion had it not been for a bunch of upstarts from Portland and Detroit—oh yeah, all that talent—leading the league in backstabbings and gun raps. And Kansas City, killed by a late-season injury, now featuring a fast-draw draft pick from Houston and a Space Needle from Seattle. But Indiana, what have you done? Traded away your two best players? Go to your room. And let us not forget Denver. After all, the Nuggets were the new kids who took over the neighborhood last year. Now, after some modest "housecleaning," Larry Brown's baby-faced legion looks like it can win at least an NCAA championship.

As if in penance for the Nuggets' 4-2 playoff loss to Portland and to demonstrate their new zeal for this season, David Thompson and his mini-munchkin mate Monte Towe decided to bicycle the 60 miles from Denver to their Colorado Springs training camp. They made 30 miles before giving up and finishing the trip in a car. Such is the history of the Nuggets in Coach Larry Brown's three years, strong starts and limp finishes. Last year Denver won its first eight games and closed with the league's second-best record, 50-32. But along the way the Nuggets grew tired, openly crucified Brown, and the big happy family atmosphere crumbled. As promised Brown "backed the truck up" and cleared out the dissenters saying, "I will no longer adjust to the players. They must adjust to me." Forwards Paul Silas and Willie Wise and center Marvin Webster were shipped off to Seattle for Center Tommy Burleson and Guard Bob Wilkerson. Then Burleson went to Kansas City for Brian Taylor, the quick take-charge guard Brown's Nuggets have never had. The move seemed to give Denver a lineup of Bobby Jones and Thompson at forward, Dan Issel at center and the advantageous arrangement of Taylor and the 6'7" Wilkerson at guard. Except that Brown immediately started experimenting with Wilkerson at forward—an unnatural position for him—and Thompson at guard, away from the basket, where the 6'4½" flying boy does his best stuff. "I just love David at guard," says Brown. Thompson prefers the proximity of the hoop.



DAVID THOMPSON, DENVER

"Ballhandling and dribbling are my strongest weaknesses," he says.

What this leaves is a lightning-quick team (with the exception of Issel), perfect for Brown's "passing game" offense. The problem, of course, is that no pure "passing game" team has won an NBA championship, and without strongmen like Silas and Webster, the Nuggets' rebounding and defense may be insufficient. The only depth is provided by rookie Center Tom LaGarde, a Tar Heel import coming off knee surgery, and rookie Forwards Bo Ellis from Marquette and Anthony Roberts out of Oral Roberts. The weakness up front was all too apparent as the Nuggets got off to an 0-3 start in preseason. And after all that cycling, poor little Monte was cut before the first exhibition.

On Washington's Birthday 1977, Chicago was a fifth-place, 24-34 club. Then the pieces—Artes Gilmore, Scott May, Mickey Johnson, Wilbur Holland, Norm Van Lier, Tom Boerwinkle, Jack Marin and John Mengelt—fell into place and the Bulls finished 20-4. The key man was the 7'2" Gilmore, who for those first two months was either center No. 1 or 1A in the NBA. Portland kept the Bulls from what might well have been a championship with a 2-1 win in the most furious playoff series of the year. Though second-year Coach Ed Badger fingered Captain Van Lier for the loss and spent the summer trying to trade the tough-playing guard, Stormin' Norman is back—with a raise. So are

the rest of the Bulls, except for "instant-offense" Marin, who retired to attend law school, and that will hurt.

In any case, the Bulls should avoid the kind of disastrous (2-14) start it had last year when May and Marin had mononucleosis, Gilmore was not getting the ball, and "Dr. Junk" Holland had not yet arrived. Johnson has established himself as an excellent offensive rebounder, defender and scorer. May, at 6'7", is shorter than most of the forwards he guards, but when he regains his considerable strength during those heady two months, his defense improved and his baseline jumper swished at 48% accuracy. "Crash" Mengelt is a worthy third guard, but with the exception of center, where the massive Boerwinkle still picks and pokes, the backups are worful: rookies Tate Armstrong, 6'3", from Duke, and 6'7" Steve Sheppard from Maryland and veteran forward Nick Weatherwood. Badger, whose head was on

the block early last year, became a big man in the Windy City, but when the Bulls got off to an 0-3 start in the preseason, Van Lier began blasting management in the papers, and Gilmore was again reported "moody." In other words, everything is as it should be in Chicago.

No one quite knows how things should be in Detroit, except "interesting," which the Pistons unarguably are. Last year they were as good as any team on paper; on court they are a three-ring basketball circus. In Ring One we have Guards Chris Ford, Ralph Simpson, Kevin Porter and Eric Money in a desperate free-for-all for playing time. In Ring Three we have Giant Bob Lanier. Giant Bob has a new four-year, \$2 million contract and can lift any team in the NBA and toss it away. In the Center Ring is 6'9" Marvin Barnes, straight from a five-month command performance at the Rhode Island Adult Correctional Institute, promising to perform death-defying slam dunks and to tame ferocious opponents. And the ringmaster, who will see that everything runs along just so smoothly, is Mr. Herb Brown. Don't worry about Herb. He has all the security that a one-year contract bestows.

Despite last year's public battles among themselves and against their coach, Brown's Pistons cruised into mid-March with a 40-28 record, fifth best in the league. Then Lanier, in the midst of his finest season, and Barnes, who had begun to approach his playing po-

continued

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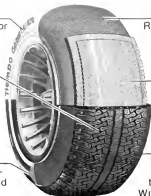
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tential, each broke a hand. But Detroit rode to the playoffs anyway on the strength of backup center Leon Douglas, forwards M. L. Carr, Al Eberhard and Howard Porter and those ferocious but talented guards. During the summer Brown tried unsuccessfully to dump his main nemesis, Kevin Porter. The two have not exactly made peace, but they are willing—so they say—to lay down their swords for the common good. "This year when I'm yanked I'll accept it," says Porter. Says Brown, "I may have made some mistakes." Says Lanier, "You can't change human nature. To be fair they should trade one of them."

No one should count out Kansas City, because the Kings may have more depth than anyone in the division, thanks to three new acquisitions hand-picked to fit Phil Johnson's slow-and-steady game. To replace Brian Taylor, who alerted team officials of his desire to be traded by announcing it on national TV during the playoffs, Johnson obtained Lucas Allen, who averaged 14.6 with the Lakers last season, for Forward Otis Johnson. Then with their No. 1 draft pick, the Kings went for 6' 4" Gus Budsong, who averaged 30.3 last year at the University of Houston on 57% shooting. He will be a potent weapon next to Allen and Ron Boone, one of the great pure shooters in the game, who led the team in scoring with a 22.2 average. Next, Johnson gave Sam Lacey, the Kings' starting center the last seven years a kick in the shorts by ac-

quiring 7' 2" Tommy Burleson from Seattle via Denver in the Taylor deal. "I have a two-center concept," says Johnson. "Sharing time equally, we should be strong in the middle all ways." And strong in the corners, too, with 6' 3" Scott Wedman, 6' 11" second-year man Richard Washington and 6' 7" enforcer Bill Robertson, recovered from a fractured ankle that killed the Kings' playoff chances late last season.

Of course, as soon as the baby Bucks grow up—the average age is 23.6—the rest of the division can step aside. The trifecta that should pay off so handsomely in Milwaukee is made up of first-round draft picks—6' 11" Kent Benson of Indiana, 6' 7" Marques Johnson of UCLA and 6' 6" Ernie Grunfeld of Tennessee. Johnson is a small forward who plays big, and he began dazzling the NBA in preseason play. Grunfeld, a 53% shooter last year, plays forward behind Johnson and 6' 8" David Meyers, who is still fighting injuries—this time he has tendinitis in his right ankle. Kevin Restum and 6' 7" Alex English provide further support. The guards are shooter Brian Winters and playmaker Quinn Buckner, hobbled up by versatile 6' 5" Junior Bridgeman. How good this team is and how soon depends on Benson, whose strength and talent at center are not questioned, though his stamina and intensity are. Coach Don Nelson was miffed when Benson forsook summer league ball for fishing and water skiing. While he develops, his backup is journeyman

John Giamelli, who should work well into Milwaukee's system. It is beginning to look like Celso West, what with Nelson running the offense and Tommy Heinsohn's ex-associate, John Kallika, in charge of the pressure defense.

Finally we come to Indiana, which nearly went down the tubes this summer, ran a telephone to sell season tickets and raise money, then traded away Billy Knight and Don Buse to two best players. General Manager-Coach Slick Leonard claims he was being "held up" by their respective agents. But Slick—who did not get his name for being dim-witted—minimized his losses. He sent Knight to Buffalo for Mike Buntins, who fills a pressing need for a strong forward, and Rookie of the Year Adrian Dantley. "I checked the record books," says Dantley. "I believe I'm the only Rookie of the Year ever traded in any sport." Buse went to Phoenix for Ricky Sobers, a quick, good-shooting guard also known for quick fists. Next to him will be John Williamson, another hard man. Center Len Elmore returns from knee surgery and tears with Dave (Robot) Robinson in the middle, and superjumper Dan Roundfield moves back to forward. The best Leonard can hope for is a last-place finish and a decent draft choice. This year's top pick, Akonko Bradley from Texas Southern, didn't like the offer Leonard made him and decided he'd spend the year playing for Athletics in Action. Who can blame him?

Pacific Division

This is the division of a million surprises. If Golden State isn't roaring out of nowhere to win the NBA championship (1975), Phoenix is sneaking out of nowhere to come close (1976). If Los Angeles isn't jabbing its way to the best record in the league without any other players (1977), Portland is red-bearding everybody in the course of bringing still another shocking championship (also 1977) to the West Coast. In recent years only Seattle, among Pacific Division teams, has failed to make a strong run for the title. Then again, who needs victory when you can watch your own coach, the famous TV shill, Bill Russell, hook 'em in on behalf of Ma Bell and L-O-N-G D-I-S-T-A-N-C-E.

The Pacific is once again the strongest division in the NBA and surely the place to be when the game's most exhilarating individual matchup—the Trail Blazers' Bill Walton versus the Lakers' Kareem Abdul-

Jabbar—continues this season. While L.A. Coach Jerry West cleaned house and swept all the spear carriers out of the Forum except Jack Nicholson, Portland's Jack Ramsey decided to stick with a pat hand. "You win or lose with your basic game," he says. "We have the people who established our basic game." Cornerman Bob Geiss and Guard Dave Twardzik have exchanged hairstyles—Twardzik's sandy-colored perm curls already have earned him the moniker "Polish Orphan Annie"—but otherwise the champions appear to be the same crew that withstood Walton's absence in 17 regular-season contests and went on to sweep through four playoff series with the loss of only five games. Maurice Lucas is back to frighten the women and children and strengthen his position as the best power forward in the league; Lionel Hollins and Johnny Davis return to run their relay races past opposing backcourt men, and the firm of Neal and Steele (Lloyd and Larry) provide support off the bench. Backup Center Tom Owens and rookie Guard T. R. Dunn are the only newcomers to a lineup so secure that when first-round draft choice Richie Laurel demanded a no-cut contract, Ramsey suggested he get lost. Showing spectacular vision for a rookie, Laurel ended up in Atlanta, which



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is approximately the same thing. A recurring problem for the Blazers early in preseason when Walton's back vertebrae acted up, the result of (wouldn't you know it?) some wood chopping. The tall lumberjack missed most of the exhibition season and was in traction for a few days while doctors labeled the injury "not serious." Ramey said, "Anything that keeps him from playing is serious to me." The coach also said, "We're just not as good when Bill isn't in there." Really, Jack?

Additional health disorders exist in Southern California, where Abdul-Jabbar now must wait for his finger to heal before attempting to take command as he did last season, when he won 53 games alone single-handedly as well as his fifth MVP award. However his 319 assists (compared to league leader Don Buse's 685 in less playing time) showed how poorly the Lakers took advantage of the quadruple-teaming their center was subject to. Moreover, the Lakers were almost paranoid in the face of tenuous defensive pressure on their guards, a concern that became justified when Portland's road-runners stripped bare the helpless Laker backcourt in the playoffs. To alleviate the team's shooting weaknesses, the Lakers picked up Golden State free agent Jamal Wilkes and Atlanta oldtimer Lou Hudson. To add some much-needed speed at guard, West drafted burners Norm Nixon and Brad Davis as well as forward Kenny Carr who promptly fractured his foot in the final exhibition game. To lead this congregation, West longed for the Knicks' Walt Frazier, but owner Jack Kent Cooke opted for Buffalo's Ernie DeGregorio (thus infuriating the coach). Strongman Kermit Washington has recovered from a knee injury that forced him to miss the playoffs, but the other Laker veterans may never recover from West's recycling program: starters Don Ford and Don Chaney are on the bench while Cazzie Russell was waived after prophetically practicing one day with golf tees and ball markers in his pocket. Wilkes, an errorless, consistent forward at both ends of the court, is the crucial man in the mother lode of talent the Lakers have stockpiled. "We have so much more ability than last year I can't believe it," says West. But the Lakers also have people who do not or will not—namely pogo stick Earl Tatum, the sulking Carr and little Ernie D. As the coach attempts to parcel out playing time, he may find that too much Cooke does indeed spoil the berth.

AP-Star Guard Paul Westphal of Phoenix calls his team's effort last winter a "non-season," and who could blame him after injuries struck down so many of the Suns for so much of the time, causing the team to play all but six games with a patchwork lineup consisting of somebody—anybody—other than the regular starters. As a result the Suns, who had startled the NBA by reaching the championship finals the previous spring, won only

34 games and finished last in the division. The team did strange things like lose 18 games by four points or less and finish 19 games out of first place while still outscoring their opponents over the season.

General Manager Jerry Colangelo and Coaches John MacLeod and Al Bianchi must have figured that standing around and missing it up caused bruising and bleeding as well as the heartbreak of postmortem. They have restructured the team with the accent on speed and a fast-break attack. Center Adrian Adams is in Cowens' league as a runner and Walton's league as a passer; Westphal is in his own league as a shooter off the break. What the Suns needed was a middleman to coordinate this activity. Ru—oom! Enter Buse from Indiana, he of the number seven and seal numbers, in a trade for Ricky Sobers. "Ricky was a pounder," says Colangelo. "Buse doesn't have to set up to be effective." Buse's job will be to give the other Suns the ball in good position and show them the value of playing with someone who makes a mistake about once a month. Buse even consented to play third guard so that the Tasmanian devil himself, Ron Lee, could start rather than point. The ferocious Lee was the only Sun to play in all 82 games last season. Smooth rookie cornerman Walter Davis, already into wearing turquoise jewelry like every other Arizonan, is so fast and so good he is forcing veterans Gurfeld Heard and Curtis Perry to share time in the other corner where they can concentrate on helping Adams on the boards. While another rookie, Greg Griffin is Davis' mirror image, the great Phoenix Christian movement turned out only scumgrouse of the Suns' charmingly named recruits from Athens in Action, Bayard Forrest made it. Freeman Blade did not.

Meanwhile there is thunder 'cross the Bay: Rick Barry came back from a summer of telecasting golf tournaments and Calgary stampedes and of switching from hair weaving to hair transplants to announce that the Golden State Warriors' "attitudes had slipped into gradual decline. We needed a shakeup." The departed Wilkes countered that the attitude problem was Barry's. "I haven't figured out why we went sour," said Wilkes, "but the guys got tired of Rick's making 20 times as much and bossing all of us around, including the coach." Somehow the 33-year-old Barry found a way to climax another wondrous season by carrying the Warriors in their thrilling seven-game losing playoff series with the Lakers. The question is how much longer can he keep doing this?

By necessity the Warriors have won in the post from the outside, but Coach Al Attles plans to go low now that Center Robert Parrish has shown how impressive he can be there. Parrish will have to increase his rookie averages of nine points, seven rebounds and 18 minutes of playing time, but erstwhile starting procmann Clifford Ray promises to

cooperate. "If Robert makes it big, we all make it big," Ray says. Golden State might have another budding star in Forward Sonny Parker, and defensive specialist E. C. Coleman has arrived from New Orleans to replace Wilkes. A skilled, if enigmatic, backcourt remains in Phil Smith, Charles Dudley and Charles Johnson, with all eyes on the on-again, off-again Smith. "I don't want to put Phil under the gun," says Attles. "He tries too hard to be brilliant." Still, a couple of freshmen may have to come through for the Warriors to contend. In that regard, Wes Cox came to camp overweight and Ricky Green came overnited; only the little-known 6' 3" Ricky Marsh, out of Manhattan, impressed the Warner veterans. "Marsh is a real player," says Barry. "He could be the stabilizer we need."

Which leaves Seattle, where the SuperSonics' supposed stabilizer, Mr. Telephone Man, Russell, left the team amid a swirl of controversy and now writes local newspaper columns on such diverse subjects as why the United States should sell the Panama Canal and how the insect fly makes love. Russell's successor and cousin, Bob Hopkins, has even started writing his own column—on basketball, which is more to the point. It is called *Hoppy Talk*. Will the Sonics be happy under Hoppy? Guard Fred Brown says, "Russell played with the team like it was a toy. This guy will teach us." Guard Stick Watts says, "Russell wouldn't adjust. We were just jerked around. Hop will give us direction even if it's just 12 sets of shoes gun in one direction with the bodies all wore off." Whatever that means Hopkins went for muscle and rebounding in a huge, off-season deal that brought Mervin Webster, Paul Silas and Willie Wise from Denver. That was before the new coach realized he must have movement, too. While the non-keed Willie at least tries, Silas moves only in the direction of the nearest bank, and Webster, according to Hopkins, is "extremely slow."

A sleeper rookie, 6' 11" Hazen-Haired Jack Sikma, should play a lot with shooter Bruce Seash at forward, while sprindly Mike Green, who exploded for 33 points in a preseason game, may wind up playing more center than Webster. Seattle has a quality second-year guard in Dennis Johnson and capable newcomers in Joey Hassett and Al Fleming. The team might even avoid those nightmarish blowouts of last winter. "People think we're a patsy, but we mean business," says Hopkins. Still, this is a last-place club through and through and the coach looks like the real patsy—probably nothing more than a fall guy until he loses enough games to justify new Director of Player Personnel Lenny Wilkens' stepping down and taking over. Wilkens' column will be called *Patsy Talk*. **END**

Scouting reports written by Curtis Kurlaga and John Paparelli

He's already in the big leagues

Grambling's Doug Williams passed pros Bradshaw and Harris in the record book

For those who are fascinated by numbers, Quarterback Doug Williams, 22, of Grambling commands attention. He stands 6' 4", weighs 214 pounds, runs 40 yards in 4.8 seconds and has an arm that makes him a "3," or a great prospect, in the parlance of NFL scouts. No wonder. He is throwing touchdown passes at a rate that, game by game, is rewriting Grambling and NCAA records. If his handwork continues at the same pace, by December Williams will have an NCAA career mark of 90 touchdown passes. And he may be cradling the Heisman Trophy.

As Grambling's starting quarterback for more than three seasons the took over the job five games into his freshman year, Williams has led the Tiger offense to an average of 475.1 yards per game, making it the most potent in the nation. Primarily because of Williams' right arm, which has accounted for 1,859 yards and 21 touchdowns in six games, Grambling has a 5-1 record and is in first place in the Southwestern Athletic Conference. The school is certain to have its 18th straight winning season, and it has made an exceptional debut as an NCAA Division I team.

Williams' passing plays remind one of the dear, departed American Football League. One-third of his touchdown throws have covered 47 yards or more, and earlier this season, while bombing Alcorn State with five TDs, Williams teamed with Wide Receiver Carlos Pennywell for a 91-yard scoring play. Williams also has combined with Mike Moore, the tight end who leads the Tigers with 32 receptions for 665 yards and six touchdowns, for an 81-yarder, and with Wingback Robert Woods for an 85-yard touchdown.

Curiously, it was a two-yard toss to Running Back Odell Smith that gave Williams his NCAA career record a fortnight ago. On that occasion the usually sedate quarterback blew his cool along with the rest of his teammates. "I'm not the type to be jumping up and down after something good

happens," Williams says. "and I figured the record was sure to come, as close as I was to it. I threw the pass and just walked away as I usually do, until I saw the rest of the team coming on the field, jumping. So there wasn't anything for me to do but join the party and I started jumping, too."

Williams has thrown at least one touchdown pass in every game but one that he has started for Grambling, and in the 35 games that he has played for the Tigers he has passed for 76 TDs and almost 7,000 yards. Williams has already shattered the state records set by the Steelers' Terry Bradshaw and the Grambling marks of the Chargers' James Harris.

There was a time, though, when Doug

Williams hardly looked as if he would be a star quarterback. Growing up in Zachary, La., a Baton Rouge suburb, he was frail and wanted nothing to do with football. Baseball was his sport and pitching his game until his older brother Robert hassled him so much about avoiding contact that he went out for the Chaneyville High football team. Doug chose to be quarterback, but satisfied Robert's demands by playing middle linebacker as well. "I was afraid of the contact," Williams admits, "but Robert told me I was going to play. I knew I wasn't that tough but I went in there anyway because he was tougher."

For a quarterback who is a certain first-round choice in the NFL draft, it is ironic that Williams was recruited by only four schools. He turned down scholarships from Southern U., Mississippi Valley State and Wisconsin before he got a baseball offer—which was one year late—from an LSU coach who didn't know that Williams already was enrolled at Grambling.

Because of his experience and intelligence, Williams is virtually a player-coach for the Tigers, many of whom he directs in drills and game warm-ups. In practice last Thursday, Williams went about his work as usual. For nearly an hour, he called routes, took snaps, dropped back, threw and barely exchanged one word with any member of the five-man coaching staff.

NFL scouts admire both his professionalism and his take-charge temperament as much as his physical ability.

"He's an exceptionally fine person," says Gil Brandt of the Dallas Cowboys. "He's articulate, poised, has good leadership qualities and a lot of desire. He's got a big league arm, enormous hands and a good delivery. He tries to force the ball sometimes and will throw it into a crowd, but these things are correctable. He has a lot more potential as a pro prospect than Harris had when he was a senior."

Williams, an honor student, says, "I like to throw the ball."

continued





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but if we can run it just as well, it's O.K. with me. All I want is to get it across the goal line. When that happens, I'm satisfied. As for pro football, yeah, I want to play. I figure every day I go to practice, I'm not working up that sweat for nothing."

Against Jackson State last Saturday, Williams enhanced his NFL value with the finest performance of his career. Facing the nation's No. 1 defense—one that had sacked opposing quarterbacks 22 times and had intercepted the same number of passes—Williams was the dominant force in Grambling's 34-7 victory, completing 22 of 33 passes for 372 yards and three touchdowns—without an interception. He also scored on a one-yard sneak. Late in the second quarter, Williams broke a 7-all deadlock by hitting three straight passes for 85 yards in a four-play, 89-yard drive that took just 82 seconds. He showed the same sort of confidence on the final touchdown of the day. After a 12-yard TD pass was nullified by a holding penalty, he hit Moore with a 27-yarder on the run for the score.

While Jackson mounted a good pass rush, Williams was sacked only once for four yards as he racked up much of his yardage on throws underneath the coverage, which, fearful of the bomb, played Grambling's receivers with too much cushion.

In other seasons, Williams realizes he would have had no chance for a Heisman. This year may be different, and if so, Williams acknowledges a debt to the players who preceded him at the small, predominantly black colleges. "In 1974," he says, "when Walter Payton was a senior, somebody mentioned him as a Heisman possibility and I laughed about it myself. A whole lot of other people also looked at it as a joke. But since Walter's been in the NFL, it is no longer a joke. Not only was he from a black school, but a small black school, Jackson State. They said, 'Hey, how could this cat be a Heisman Trophy winner when he doesn't play against the big competition?' But now he's playing against the same people who were supposed to be Heisman caliber—and he's leading the NFC in rushing. So I guess they have to give me and all the other small-school athletes some consideration."

"If I win it, I think it will make Payton happy. I hope so."

For that ambition, not just for his talent, Williams ranks No. 1.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

SOUTH Alabama Coach Bear Bryant knows that confidence is the first step on the way to victory and that overconfidence is the first step on the way to defeat. So he chooses his words carefully and utters them at opportune moments. Pregame pep talks, Bryant has insisted for years, are useless. Or, as he puts it, "If you haven't told them everything they need to know before Saturday, you've wasted the week." With Louisville coming to town, the Bear set the stage with some well-timed oratory.

On Wednesday evening Bryant walked into a team meeting, marched straight to the podium and delivered what Defensive Tackle Marty Lyons called, "The most inspiring talk I've ever heard. Coach was really emotional. He said we had as much talent as any of his national-championship teams. Coach said the only difference might be that each of them wanted it—the national title—more than we have. Maybe showed we want to win it. He said those teams had 'that certain spark' about them that he thought we had in us, too. When he sat down, you wouldn't believe how quiet it was. None of us could say anything, really, because we were choked up."

A day later, Bryant worked his eloquence from the other angle, telling the press that Louisville was capable of making it a "sad, sad homecoming" for Alabama.

On Saturday, the Tide showed more than "that certain spark"; it displayed a burning intensity, rushing for 413 yards, passing for 161 and scoring 55 points to the Cardinals' six to make it a happy, happy homecoming. Among the heroes were Running Back Tony Nathan, who ripped off a 71-yard scoring run, and Quarterback Jeff Rutledge, who teamed with Splits End Ozze Newsome on 67- and 32-yard touchdown passes.

"I still don't know how good we are," said Kentucky Coach Fran Curci after winning 33-0 at Georgia. His Wildcats were good enough to hold the Bulldogs to 47 yards in 38 rushing attempts and to 89 yards passing as Georgia was shut out for the first time in 58 games. Quarterback Derrick Ramsey solved Georgia's Junkyard Dog defense as he passed for three touchdowns and helped Kentucky roll up 392 yards in total offense. Alabama currently leads the Southeastern Conference by a half game. However, second-place Kentucky, because of its probation, is ineligible for the championship.

Even though he was dazed in the second period, Larry Key established a Florida State record by rushing for 170 yards during a 24-3 trouncing of Auburn. Key, the country's No. 2 all-purpose runner, also returned a kick-

continued

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off 39 yards to set up a scoring drive.

Late scoring spurges enabled Florida and Mississippi to come up with victories. Tennessee had tied Florida at 17-17 when Kelly Finch dashed 99 yards in the third period. There was no further scoring until the Gators put 10 points on the board in the last 92 seconds. Bert Yipreman kicking a 28-yard field goal and Tony Green going six yards for a touchdown. Mississippi, which had lost three times following its upset of Notre Dame, scored two touchdowns in the fourth quarter to topple Vanderbilt 26-14. The Commodores had taken a 14-3 lead at the end of the first period with the aid of a length-of-the-field kickoff return by Preston Brown.

LSU tore apart visiting Oregon 56-17, and Mississippi State was beaten 14-7 by outsider Southern Mississippi. Charles Alexander of the Tigers improved upon his 142-yard rushing average as he ran for 237 yards and four touchdowns. A 36-yard TD run with an intercepted pass by Defensive Back Mike Crenshaw in the fourth period gave the Golden Eagles their victory, their third over an SEC team, Auburn and Mississippi having fallen previously.

A tactician defense helped North Carolina throttle South Carolina 17-0. Two fumble recoveries by the Tar Heels set up a field goal and a touchdown. North Carolina has given up only 44 points in seven games.

Clemson and Maryland improved their ACC records to 3-1, the Tigers overhauling North Carolina State 7-3 and the Terrapies defeating Duke 31-13. The Tigers, who had just moved into the Top 20 for the first time since 1959, held ACC total-offense leader Johnny Evans to 61 yards, 101 below his average. State's Ralph Stringer was on his way to returning a kickoff for a touchdown when he was brought down by the last Tiger in his way, Otis Anni, the kicker. For Anni, a soccer player from Nigeria, it was the first tackle of his football career. Stringer's 54-yard run set up a 39-yard field goal by Jay Sherrill in the third quarter. Willie Jordan of Clemson also came close to scoring on a long run, but was hauled down after returning a punt 75 yards in the fourth period. Three plays later, Steve Fuller hit Jerry Butler with a scoring pass that covered 19 yards and the Tigers pulled the game out. Maryland breezed behind Tailback Steve Atkins (116 yards rushing and three touchdowns) and Quarterback Larry Dick (112 of 15 for 249 yards).

All of Virginia's points during a 12-10 squeaker over Wake Forest were produced by Russ Henderson's field goals. Henderson, who had never attempted a field goal in a game, connected from 31, 19 and 27 yards and, with five seconds to go, on a 34-yarder.

"They kicked our posteriors off," said Tulane coach Larry Smith after a 38-14 loss to Georgia Tech. North Texas State overcame a 19-7 fourth-period deficit to stun Memphis State 20-19. Undefeated Tennessee Tech tied

Austin Peay for the Ohio Valley lead by outlasting Morehead State 24-22.

In a showdown between unbeaten, Florida A&M edged Tennessee State 31-28, despite an aerial display by Joe Adams, who completed 30 of 48 passes for 342 yards and four touchdowns. The Rams held State runners to minus-41 yards while piling up 293 of their own.

1. ALABAMA (6-1)
2. KENTUCKY (6-1) 3. FLORIDA (3-1-1)

SOUTHWEST Texas Halfback Earl Campbell gave SMU the shirt off his back—six of them, in fact. But that was about all the Mustangs got their hands on as he ripped off 213 yards in 32 carries. Campbell took a while to get his 220 pounds in high gear, but after being held to 54 yards in his first 13 rushes, he flattered a couple of Mustangs in the course of a 58-yard scoring run.

The Longhorns' 30-14 Southwest Conference win was no cakewalk, however. SMU

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: In a 42-17 win over William & Mary, Navy Tailback Joe Gastuso rushed 29 times for 250 yards and two TDs, passed 20 yards for another TD, caught three passes for 25 yards and returned two kicks 34 yards.

DEFENSE: Linebacker Mike Hunt, a 6'2", 237-pound senior, was the big stopper in Minnesota's 16-0 upset of previously undefeated and No. 1-ranked Michigan, making 15 tackles (10 unassisted) and recovering a fumble.

played in the game on the passing of freshman Mike Ford (21 for 46 and 253 yards) and the catching of sophomore Emanuel Tolbert (seven catches, two for touchdowns). Those two scores were the only six-points of the season against Texas' first-string.

Lengthy locks were plentiful. Russell Erskelen of the Longhorns averaging 48 yards on five punts and Ron Rosenthal of the Mustangs 46 on nine. Erskelen also contributed field goals of 35, 43 and 24 yards.

Rice, a 35-point underdog, also put up a stubborn battle before losing to Texas A&M 28-14. The Owls limited 270-pound George Woodard to 69 yards in 16 carries and got 128 yards from their own Earl Cooper. But Aggie Halfback Curtis Dickey broke loose for 106 yards and Quarterback David Walker passed for 115 more. The Aggies and Longhorns are tied for the SWC lead.

Two touchdown passes in 95 seconds—seven- and 15-yard tosses from Ron Calcagni to Tight End Charles Clay—helped propel Arkansas past Houston 34-0.

Last week NCAA calculators announced that Baylor and Missouri had played the

toughest schedules of any teams this season. Thus the Bears were delighted to show their stuff against Air Force, a four-time loser. Baylor piled up 476 yards in total offense and won 38-7. Freshman Quarterback Scott Smith passed for two touchdowns and Tailback David Seaborn ran for two more while rushing for 145 yards. Cornerback Howard Fields intercepted three passes, one of which he ran back 53 yards for a TD. In all, the Bears stole five passes. There was, though, a bit of air left in Air Force. Dave Ziebart finding his receivers with 22 of 41 passes for 311 yards.

Texas Christian, which ended a 15-game losing streak two weeks ago, won its second game by overcoming Miami 21-17. As Quarterback Steve Bayuk scored from one yard out with 1:08 remaining in the game.

1. TEXAS (6-0)
2. ARKANSAS (5-1) 3. TEXAS A&M (5-1)

WEST All that UCLA Chancellor Charles Young could do on behalf of his team was pace the sidelines. Charlie Young did a lot more for California, completing 25 of 44 passes for 299 yards. Nonetheless, it was Young, the pacer, who came up a 21-19 winner.

Two mistakes did in Cal. The first was a snap start that wiped out a chance for a second-quarter field goal. Seven plays later, UCLA Quarterback Rick Bashore broke off left tackle, spun away from a would-be tackler and sprinted 41 yards for a touchdown and a 7-3 lead. Then, early in the fourth period, Marvin Morris, who plays in the middle of UCLA's punt-block squad, smothered the ball right at the kicker's shoetop and had the ball bounce smack up into his arms. "All I could think was, 'Go, man, go,'" said Morris. Go he did. 26 yards to the end zone.

Like Charlie Young, Jim Brech of California excelled in defeat, booting field goals of 24, 38, 37 and 45 yards. Brech's four field goals equaled a Pac-8 one-game record and gave him a conference career mark of 45.

There were passes galore as Stanford held off Washington State 31-29. Guy Benjamin of the Cardinals threw for 130 yards and three touchdowns as he hit on 27 of 39 and out-dueled Jack Thompson of the Cougars, who was 19 for 24 for 274 yards. Running Back Darrin Nelson caught six Benjamin passes and added variety to the offense by rushing for 104 yards. Other Benjamin targets were Phil Francis (eight receptions) and James Lofton (five catches, two for touchdowns).

For the sixth time in seven games, Washington did not yield a touchdown in the second half. Peskiest of the Huskie defenders during a 14-6 victory over Oregon State were Nose Guard Cliff Bethen and Linebacker Mike Jackson. Bethen intercepted a pass and took part in 22 tackles. 15 of them unassisted, while Jackson made 21 tackles. 11 on his own. Washington's victory gave it a 3-0 record.

continued

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ord and a tie with USC for the Pac-8 lead.

Marc Wilson, who threw seven touchdown passes the week before in his first start for Brigham Young, had just one as the Cougars squeezed past Wyoming 10-7. This time, Wilson was intercepted six times and picked up only 96 yards on 10 completions in 26 attempts. BYU, which had been leading the nation in scoring with an average of 48 points a game and had been gaining 464 yards each time out, was bested by Wyoming 304 yards to 234. Nine fumbles ruined the Cougars' hopes. Wyoming lost seven of its fumbles, three of them being recovered by linebacker Larry Miller. Brigham Young's triumph kept the Cougars (3-0) in first place in the Western AC. Second-place Arizona State (2-0) demolished Texas-El Paso 66-3 and Colorado State (3-1) downed New Mexico 14-9.

1. USC (5-2)

2. STANFORD (5-2) 3. UCLA (4-3)

MIDWEST While Minnesota and Notre Dame deserved Sunday's headlines (page 20), lesser surprises were pulled off by Purdue and Michigan State. Mark Herrmann, the 6'5" freshman quarterback, and Split End Reggie Arnold put on a show as the Boilermakers won their first Big Ten game by topping Iowa 34-21. Herrmann threw for five touchdowns and Arnold set a conference record by scoring four of them on receptions of 22, 43, 28 and 26 yards. Herrmann, who completed 13 of 20, now has 1,858 yards passing, tops in the nation and the third highest single-season total in Big Ten history and he still has four games to play.

Michigan State upended Wisconsin 9-7. With a fourth and one at the Spartan 12 early in the last period and Wisconsin trailing 9-0, Badger fans urged their team to go for it. Wisconsin Coach John Jardine complied, disallowing a field-goal try. Alas, the Badgers did not pick up the yard, and Wisconsin roars turned their fury on Jardine. Wisconsin finally scored with 1:42 left, but could not catch the Spartans, who got 100 yards rushing from Jim Earley and a 51-yard field goal from Hans Nielsen.

Despite coughing up the ball on half of its eight fumbles, being intercepted once and giving up 252 yards on the ground, Ohio State beat Northwestern "The Buckeyes" 35-15 triumph, which moved them a game ahead of Michigan in the Big Ten, was built around a ground attack that netted 300 yards. Two State touchdowns were set up by long runs, a 73-yard gallop by Ron Springs and a 64-yarder by Jeff Logan, and Rod Gerald hit on nine of 14 passes for 148 yards. Illinois disposed of Indiana 21-7.

Colorado figured it would not have much difficulty penetrating Nebraska's porous defense, and for a while the Buffaloes gambled and rambled all over the field. Howard Bul-

lage returned a kickoff 98 yards for six Colorado points and Fullback James Mayberry barged over from one yard out to build the lead to 15-3.

But Hunker Coach Tom Osborne invented an extra linebacker and that helped contain the Buffs' running. Colorado was kept scoreless the rest of the way and Nebraska amassed 480 yards, 390 of them on the ground, en route to a 35-15 Big Eight win. For the fifth week in a row, L. M. Hipp ran for more than 100 yards for the Huskers, this time ripping for 172 on 31 carries and scoring on runs of 28 and four yards. Once-ired Colorado suffered its first loss of the season.

Moving into undisputed leadership in the conference was Oklahoma, which stomped Iowa State 35-16. Fullback Kenny King, who had missed the previous game because of a bruised shoulder, picked up the first 65 yards of a 71-yard drive to the Sooners' first touchdown and wound up with 146 in 23 trips.

With Oklahoma State leading Kansas 3-0 at halftime, Cowboy Coach Jim Stanley chewed out his No. 1 ground-gainer, Running Back Terry Miller. "You can run harder than you've been running," Stanley told him. "Let's get with it." After the intermission, Miller got going, romping 34 yards for a TD and coming through with his 15th straight 100-yard game as the Cowboys won 21-0. With 149 yards in 31 tries, Miller became the Big Eight's all-time rushing leader and turned his career total to 4,117 yards. His 1,043 yards for this season made him the first runner in the conference to gain 1,000 yards three consecutive years.

It has been a rough season for Missouri Coach Al Onofrio, whose team had dropped five of its first six. Fans now shout "Impound Onofrio" and "A.O. must go." A HELP WANTED COACH ad appeared in a local paper. So the Tigers' 28-13 homecoming win over Kansas State was particularly sweet. Quarterback Pete Woods, who had missed four games because of injuries, completed 15 of 20 passes for 205 yards.

Wichita State stayed in contention in the Missouri Valley race by smothering Drake 47-17 as Jim Andrus passed for 301 yards and three touchdowns. Tulsa lost 28-0 to Cincinnati, which got three touchdowns from Fullback Gus Tucker.

Remaining atop the Mid-American Conference was Miami of Ohio, which beat Bowling Green 33-13 as Quarterback Larry Fortner ran for two touchdowns and passed for another pair. Second-place Kent State defeated Eastern Michigan 29-13. Quarterback Jeff Hepinstall scored 37 and 24 yards for fourth-quarter rallies as Toledo overcame 192 yards in penalties to down Ohio U. 31-29. Tailback Jerome Persell gained 234 yards to lead Western Michigan past outsider Marshall 53-29.

1. OKLAHOMA (6-1)

2. OHIO STATE (6-1) 3. MICHIGAN (6-1)

EAST Havie may make waste for others, but for Penn State it was a vital factor in a 49-28 win over West Virginia. The first three times the Notchum Lions got the ball they scored—first when Tackle Matt Millen scooped up a blocked punt and carried the ball three yards into the end zone, then on a 41-yard pass from Chuck Funa to Mickey Strider and lastly on Steve Geise's seven-yard run. At that point, Penn State had been in possession of the ball for 29 seconds and led 21-0.

For the second week in a row, Syracuse came close to scoring a major upset. This time the Orangemen, who the week before had given Penn State a scare, led Pitt 21-14 going into the final quarter. But Quarterback Matt Cavanaugh rallied the Panthers. Cavanaugh, who connected on 17 of 26 passes for 332 yards, combined with Fred Jacobs on a 58-yard play to tie the score. Then, after a Syracuse field-goal try had been blocked, Cavanaugh passed 45 yards to Gordon Jones and moments later went over from the one as Pitt won 28-21. Syracuse had given Pitt fits by forcing nine fumbles and by gaining 366 yards.

Tailback Joe Gattuso ran for two touchdowns and passed for another as Navy drubbed William & Mary 42-17. Two touchdowns within 11 seconds in the second quarter helped Army defeat Lafayette 42-6. A 66-yard pass from Ken Smith to Mike Godbolt highlighted Boston College's 17-0 conquest of Villanova. Lehigh, which has played teams from seven states, shocked Division I VMI 30-20 as Mike Ricker hit on 14 of 24 passes for 229 yards.

Marvathusettis (4-0) took the lead in the Yankee Conference with a 10-0 victory over Connecticut. New Hampshire (3-0) remained unbeaten, stopping outsider Northeastern 28-13.

Tailback Bobby Horn carried a school-record 44 times for 209 yards as Princeton zapped Harvard 20-7. Tying the Crimson for the Ivy League lead were Dartmouth, a 17-11 victor over Cornell, and Yale, which scored 15 points in the final 15 minutes to nose out Penn 27-21. John Pagliaro of the Elis scored twice and set a Yale record as he brought his career touchdown total to 29. There were lots of big numbers at the Colgate-Columbia game. 220 yards passing by Bob Relph of the Red Raiders, who hit on 14 of 19 attempts, 204 yards rushing in just 11 carries by Raider Halfback Henry White, who scored three touchdowns, 667 yards in total offense by Colgate, which outscored the Lions 48-36. Colgate is one of two major-college teams still undefeated and untied, the other being Texas. Holy Cross also kept its streak intact, losing to Brown by a score of 44-13 to lower its record to 0-6.

1. PENN STATE (6-1)

2. PITTSBURGH (5-1) 3. COLGATE (7-0)



'I don't really fight to win'

Jimmy Young, who meets Ken Norton next week, says survival is his bag

Jimmy Young is 6' 2" and weighs 211 pounds, which figures. Mrs. Ruth Young has three sons and they're all men of size. Jimmy's older brother William weighs 300 pounds. Little John Young, only 15, has a 36-inch waist and wears a size-14 shoe, and the last time they put him on a scale he tipped 200 pounds. But if Jimmy Young comes by being a heavyweight naturally, he sure refuses to act like one.

Jimmy Young does not knock people down. This is mostly because he is too

busy making sure that they do not knock him down. Young sees himself as an artist operating in a world of assassins, and for this he is often misunderstood. It is said that fans do not attend heavyweight fights to savor bulletlike moves; they go to see blood. Well, says Jimmy Young, if they want to see blood, let them slash their wrists.

Young should be seen in an art gallery, not in a ring. As a boxing stylist he is closer to Titmouse than Gato. Do not ask him to be anything else. He is a rapper among the broadswords, and all he does is win.

"I don't really fight to win, I fight to survive," Young said in Las Vegas last week as he prepared for next Saturday's 15-round fight against Ken Norton at Caesars Palace. "Survival means money. When I survive it means I move up, and when I move up I make more money. If I lose, it's back to the bottom of the pile, back to nothing. I don't ever want to go back. When you have been where I have been, you never want to go back."

To Young, going back is the meanest streets of Philadelphia where, one day

when he was 14, three older boys relieved him of his transistor radio. "I worked nights in a laundry to buy that radio," he says. "The next day I went looking for those three guys. I had a butcher knife hidden up one sleeve and a fire hydrant wrench up the other." The memory dissolves in a smile. "Today I'm glad I didn't find them. Either way . . ." he says, his voice trailing off.

The following day his father, William, a welder, came up with a wiser solution. He took Jimmy to a Police Athletic League gym and started him as an amateur fighter, a light heavyweight. Jimmy needed just 21 fights, 14 of them victories, to convince himself that he wanted to be a professional.

Young became a hungry headhunter. In his first pro heavyweight fight in 1969 he knocked out Jimmy Jones in one round. A sledgehammer had more style. Young thought that this was the only way to fight—until nine bouts later when his manager, who has since been replaced, decided that his young slugger was ready for Earnie Shavers. That was in February of 1973. Shavers came in with 44 victories, 41 of them knockouts. Young hadn't fought since a loss to Randy Neumann a year earlier. Marie Antonette had more of a chance against Ruben-pierre's blade.

"You'd think I'd have known better," Young says, "but I've never lacked for confidence. I actually wanted that fight; I was eager. I thought I was going to win. I guess I was overmatched. That same night Ernie Terrell was fighting the main event against some stiff. I can't remember his name. I should have been fighting Terrell's guy, and he should have been fighting Shavers. His guy went out in one round. Shavers stopped me in three. It wasn't a knockout; they just stopped it. All he did was bloody my nose."

The loss sent Young to the movies. "I realized that standing there and letting the other guy pound me wasn't the answer. I had the brains. I decided to use them. I studied films of all the old stylists: Sugar Ray Robinson, Archie Moore, Jersey Joe Walcott, Billy Conn. I idolized them all, mostly Sugar Ray. I still

continued

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study the films every day, I'm still learning new tricks from the old masters of the sport."

Young's boxing style became that of a tumbleweed riding a hot summer wind—forever bounding. In his fights now he is usually in full retreat, pausing but briefly to throw sand in some pursuing bully's face before fleeing once more. He punches for pomes, not for pain. He fought three times in England, once in Venezuela, always a big underdog against hometown favorites. He didn't lose once. Even so, the ranked heavyweights refused to believe Young was for real.

The first non-believer in line was Ron Lyle. With nothing to do while waiting to fight Muhammad Ali for the title on May 16, 1975, he decided to use Young as a tune-up in Honolulu. "Some tune-up," says Angelo Dundee, Ali's trainer. "I knew Lyle had goofed. I'd seen Jimmy work before, I knew who was going to get tuned up." Young won impressively.

Too impressively: no other top heavyweight wanted any part of him. While waiting for the big-money offers to pour in, he went back to work on the docks. Young is married, with four children, and until he fought Ali last April in Landover, Md., he hadn't earned enough from 23 fights to buy an automobile. After every fight it was back to the docks.

"People ask me why I didn't quit, why I didn't get discouraged," he says. "I wasn't making any money boxing; there were no paydays. After I beat Lyle I had a couple of small fights, and the purses were so small I'm too embarrassed to say how much they were. But think of quitting? Never. Not when the only alternative was to spend the rest of my life breaking my back for \$4.30 an hour on the docks. Every time I picked up one of those sacks of cocoa beans I knew I was going to make it."

Fortunately, Ali ran out of opponents before Young ran out of determination. The night Ali fought Jean-Pierre Coomman in San Juan, Young won a very unimpressive decision over Joe (King) Roman in a preliminary. In fact, he was just unimpressive enough to impress Ali's people into giving him the title shot last April.

You remember that fight: the Blob against the Ostrich. Ali was a waddling 230 pounds. Young, when not piling up

powder-puff points, kept ducking his head out of the ropes. Three guys thought Ali had won that night; everyone else in the crowd leaned toward Young. The problem, as Young saw it, was that the three guys who liked Ali were the referee and the two judges.

"I learned one very important thing from that fight," says Young.

What was that?

"To keep my head inside the ropes."

"It was just another of my tricks for Ali, something I thought would throw him off," Young says. "I figured the way to beat Ali was to upset his mental state. So I did it on purpose, not because I was scared or nervous. And it cost me points. I still think the referee should have warned me it was costing me points. He warned me about everything else, while letting Ali get away with murder. Next time I'll know better. Next time I'll have a different bag of tricks."

After Ali, Young went back to proving himself once more against boxing's biggest cannons. First came another decision over Lyle, then a stunning 12-round decision over George Foreman. And now he faces Ken Norton. Despite his record, many people still refuse to believe Young is for real. Always he is the underdog. Patiently, he explains why he will win. As he said before Lyle and before Foreman and as he was saying last week, "I've fought a lot of big hitters, but none of them were smart. None of them could think. Take this fight with Norton: I know I'm going to get out of the way of all that dumb stuff he is going to throw."

"The key to victory is to outthink the other man, no matter how big and how strong he is. When you go into combat the thing to do is outsmart your opponent, like playing cards, like shooting craps, like playing chess, being smarter is the key to victory. Every time I fight they say it is against the boddest man alive. Me. I can't see why Norton took the fight. I'm so sure he's going to lose. All he's thinking of is, can he beat me? Me. I know. All I'm thinking about is taking a nice vacation. Of buying a new camper, of maybe buying a Mercedes. Most guys say if they lose they'll hang up their gloves. If I let this mechanical man beat me I'll hang up my brains."

Young's confidence pours forth the way a stream rushes downhill in spring:

fresh and vibrant, dancing around the rocks, pausing only a moment in a quiet pool before pushing madly on. But he stops just short of being cocky. He respects Norton as a demolition expert respects a time bomb. He knows what can happen if the bomb explodes.

"Norton is a good fighter," Young says. "I'm not taking anything away from him. With his own style, he is good. Believe me, I have to be in good shape. I can't hold back. I can't be vague. If I'm not 100% like I was for those other guys, I'll lose. I'm telling you I will lose if I am not on my P's and Q's. But he doesn't make me nervous, not like Lyle made me nervous. I wasn't nervous for Foreman. When I fought Foreman he was supposed to be Mighty Joe Young. But that Lyle, that is the guy you have to look out for. That is the only guy who ever made me nervous. I don't count Shavers. When I fought him I was immature and full of nonsense. I wasn't prepared for anything like Shavers, but Norton. I can see the fight now. I'll show you how the fight is going to go."

Young stands up. He begins circling slowly, dragging his right foot. "Norton is going to plod and drag his foot like this, keeping his right hand way back here, like this. I'll come out left-hooking, just waiting for him to move that right hand. Then I'm going to drop my right hand right in there. That's what will happen. He will give me a pretty good fight. He'll pressure me. But if he puts on too much pressure, I'll just tie him up until he stops. I'm not going to just stand there and let him lay punches on me all night. I've got to be careful, because he's awkward and wild. I'm going to tie him up until he gets tired of it, until he starts taking his time. Then I'm going to box him to death."

Young continues to circle, pantomiming the fight, first playing the role of Norton, dragging the right foot, right hand cocked high, looking puzzled, then playing himself, bobbing and weaving, in and out, hooking, a 28-year-old artist at work. Finally, laughing, he quits.

"When it's over, I'm going to go out and count the cash," he says. "I never worry about the cash until it's over. And after counting the cash, I'm going to look for old Ali. Old Ali is going to be surprised. I've got a whole new bag of tricks for old Ali."

END

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be. The reason is the arrival on the scene in the last few years of a contraption known as the compound bow, which has revolutionized the sport of archery.

The compound bow has actually been around for almost a dozen years—it was invented in 1966 by a Missourian, Holless W. Allen—but in its early form it was crude in design and construction, and illegal for hunting in most states. It was not until the 1970s, when several archery manufacturers began experimenting with it, that the compound finally interested hunters. The largest bow manufacturer, Bear Archery, which produces 30% of all the archery equipment sold in the world, was one of the last to get into compounds. When it did in 1974, after several years of research and testing, compound sales took off. Today Bear produces seven different models ranging in price from \$65 to \$269.95.

"The compound is here to stay," says Fred Bear. "Since it has been made legal for hunting, it has taken over. There is still a place for the conventional bow, and a lot of folks like me will go on shooting them, but the trend is definitely toward the mechanical bow."

The key word here is mechanical, and it is at the root of most of the objections to the use of the compound in hunting. Like the longbow, the compound is held held, hand drawn and hand released, but otherwise there is little resemblance between it and the longbow. The compound looks like a Rube Goldberg contraption. Its bowstring is connected to what seems to be enough steel cable to winch a truck, which in turn is threaded through a series of eccentric pulleys that make the

continued

On these fall days bow hunters are cautiously moving along the forest trails, slipping silently into fields, standing motionless behind rock ledges. It takes a sharp eye to spot them. They dress in camouflage clothes, sometimes darkening their faces for further disguise, blending into the multihued foliage. They are a determined breed who deliberately shun the advantages of modern weaponry for the challenges of the primitive.

Until just after World War II, when the fiber-glass laminated bow with its improved accuracy and durability was developed, archers were a minuscule percentage of the country's hunters. Today they number close to three million. There are special bow hunting seasons, which in most cases take place before regular shooting seasons, and often they are as long, or longer.

Neither gun hunters nor game commissions have lost much sleep worrying about the game supply after bow hunting seasons; with their low success ratio, archers have little effect on game populations. Their slow, cumbersome, short-range weapons give game more than a sporting chance. Thus, in fact, has been a basic lure of bow hunting: the pitting of man against animal on elementary and demanding terms. Only the most optimistic bow hunter expects to return from a day in the field with meat for the freezer. Indeed, for every bow hunter who does, upward of 30 do not, which is why game commissions can afford to be liberal in setting archery seasons.

Or can they? That question is being asked this year in more than one state game department and, disconcertingly, the answer is not as clear-cut as it should

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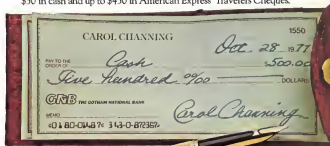
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Laurea Baugh and Jerry Pata, members of the Wilson group of playing professionals.

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Welcome back, Scarface

His nickname wasn't Rocket or Boom Boom or Le Gros Bil, like some other members of the Hall of Fame. It was Scarface, for the more than 900 stitches that were sewn into his map during the 17 seasons he patrolled left wing in Detroit and Chicago. Scarface was only 5' 8" and weighed maybe 160 pounds in full gear, but he was the NHL's career penalty-minute leader until Bryan Watson rubbed him out two seasons ago. Scarface retired in 1960, then four years later he unretired and rejoined the Red Wings. NHL President Clarence Campbell called the return of Scarface "a black day for hockey." True to his old form, Scarface, at age 39, was second in the NHL in penalty minutes that season—

and then Terrible Ted Lindsay finally retired for good.

The Red Wings have not been the same since Lindsay hung up his skates and Gordie Howe had to go it alone. In fact, since Lindsay's retirement they have made the Stanley Cup playoffs just once in 12 years, a record for futility unmatched in hockey. During the drought, owner Bruce Norris hired and fired general managers and coaches as frequently as Ford turned out a new model. Last March, at a time when the once-proud Red Wings had the worst record in the NHL, Norris fired another general manager and hired Lindsay, long an outspoken critic of the humbling Detroit operation, to replace him.

Lindsay watched the Red Wings for a few games and verified what everyone in hockey had known for years: the Red Wings played with the verve and oomph of a sorority-house team. They did their checking at the bank, not on the ice. Lindsay said he would change that.

All summer long Ol' Scarface showed up on billboards and on the covers of season-ticket sales come-ons, wearing a scowl and a T-shirt that read *MAGNETIC ROCKLY IS BACK IN TOWN*. The club's postage meter spit out the same slogan, and it was also used—punctuated by some Batman-style "crashes" and "kabooms"—in the Red Wings' television promo. In

Terrible Ted Lindsay, once the baddest of the badmen, has taken charge of his old Detroit Red Wings, and he says that his players will be aggressive—or else

keeping with his image, Lindsay hired such henchmen as Dave (Killer) Hanson, who had a role in the movie *Slapshot*, and Steve Durbano, who had left a trail of blood in four NHL cities.

When the Red Wings opened their season two weeks ago against the Toronto Maple Leafs, it was only natural to expect a hockey show resembling a gory scene from *Slapshot*. Certainly there would be brawls during the pregame warmup and high sticks during the national anthem. So, did the crowd of 12,872, some 3,000 more than last season's average "announced" attendance, see the expected blood? Violence?

Why, there wasn't even one fight. Instead, a fast little winger named Paul Woods, just drafted from Montreal, dived all over the ice blocking shots and tracking down loose pucks, and his fellow Red Wings played with a flair unseen since Lindsay departed in 1965. Trailing 3-1 with six minutes to play, Detroit rallied for two goals and tied Toronto 3-3.

"That's just what 'aggressive hockey' means," said the enthused Lindsay. "Backchecking, forechecking, playing the man, skating, passing, hustling and fighting for the puck. Sixty minutes of effort from players with some guts. All those things these fans in Detroit haven't seen for years."

One thing the people in Detroit had not seen in four years was a victory over Montreal, and last Thursday night the Red Wings came within 16 seconds of producing one. Unfortunately, they had to settle for a 2-2 tie, but the crowd of more than 12,000 saluted the effort by the Red Wings with several long ova-tions. Best of all, though, the Red Wings weren't playing like pushovers anymore.

"I don't care what people thought Ted Lindsay was doing," said Left Wing Dan Maloney. "He's got people talking about the Red Wings something no one has done for years. Lindsay was a tough player, sure, but he's also a smart man."

During his retirement, the 52-year-old Lindsay made a name for himself in the

continued



Lindsay never dressed like this when he was rousing NHL penalty boys



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Detroit business community. In partnership with former Red Wing teammate Marty Pavelich, he owns a plastics company in suburban Dearborn and also is a manufacturer's representative. He is a conservative businessman who dresses in Brooks Brothers suits, but one day he cleaned the floor in his plant on Labor Day himself because it was "messy" and because "These days you can't get people to do it for you."

The proud Lindsay has always been in-



Lindsay is rebuilding around Dale McCourt.

tensely loyal both to the Red Wings, for whom he played for 14 seasons, and to Detroit, where he has lived since 1944. And Lindsay kept in touch with hockey during his retirement. He still skates three times a week in a league where the games are played at 7 a.m. For fun, he coached at Detroit Country Day School and at Hillsdale College. For three seasons he served as color man on the NBC telecasts, and he always came to the defense of the aggressors. "That's the way to lay the lumber on him," he would say. He also regularly attended Red Wing games. "My company used to have 16 season tickets," Lindsay says, "but the last couple of years we cut down to four. We

couldn't even give tickets away to see those sleepyheads."

How bad were the sleepyheads that Lindsay inherited? Last season, after more than a decade of crackbrained trades, terrible drafts and inept management, the Red Wings hit rock bottom, finishing 91 points—or 45½ games—behind Montreal and had the fewest victories (116) and goals (183) in the league. Maloney, Detroit's only stand-up-and-be-counted player, broke a shoulder blade on Dec. 23, and the Red Wings won only four of 46 games the rest of the season. In one late-season stretch of 81 power-play opportunities, they were outscored 6-1 by the penalty killers. The crowds, which were always SRO in the salad days of Lindsay and Gordie Howe—the Red Wings finished first from 1949 to 1955 and won four Stanley Cups—dropped to an announced 7,500 a night. "There were too many nights when we announced more than 8,000 and there were less than 5,000 in the building," says Lindsay. Worse, the Olympia, a decaying, 50-year-old building, was in a depressed neighborhood few people dared visit. In all, the Detroit Red Wings lost \$2.6 million in 1976-77.

This was the mess Lindsay inherited. He fired two scouts and inspected the junior amateur players himself. The local press urged Lindsay to hire the Howe family, which had been sent packing en masse by a previous Red Wing administration, back to Detroit. "That would have been the easy public-relations move," says Lindsay, "but not the right move for what I'm trying to do. I'd love to have Mark, but the cost was too high. Anyway, there can be only one boss."

Lindsay tried to make trades, only to find that "you have to have something someone else wants." In Lindsay's case, Detroit had two things every other team wanted, the combative Maloney and the Red Wings' No. 1 pick—the first overall—in last June's amateur draft. Lindsay kept Maloney and the draft choice, selecting Center Dale McCourt from St. Catherine's. He also signed a batch of pugnacious free agents and acquired goalie Ron Low from Washington, although the compensation, to Lindsay's chagrin, was Center Walt McKechnie, Detroit's top scorer last year.

Says Lindsay, "We can't contend with Montreal overnight. We know that. Right now I'm stuck with a lot of big contracts. What I promised was effort, and now we

have competition in positions." The Wings had long closed their eyes to college kids and particularly to Americans. For instance, World Hockey Association MVP Robbie Ftorek, a Boston native, was rudely released after a short trial. Lindsay held a tryout camp, and 83 players came from such places as Replim, N.H. and Trail, B.C. Some 27 were held over for the regular camp, which opened with 82 players. "My owner is willing to spend anything to get a winner," says Lindsay. "I don't know the exact figures, but I do know that Montreal, Philadelphia and Detroit will spend the most on their organizations this season. The Canadiens and Flyers have done it this way for years. Check their records."

Not everything has gone smoothly. Lindsay ran into some typical Red Wing confusion last April when he announced that Larry Wilson would be rehired as coach, only to discover that the previous administration had hired Winnipeg's Bobby Kromm, effective with the termination of Kromm's Winnipeg contract in June. Kromm showed up and got the job, and Wilson took over the farm team in Kansas City. For now, Lindsay and Kromm claim to "think alike." Most important, say the players, Lindsay has stayed away from the dressing room, making it clear that Kromm is the coach.

Lindsay and Kromm hope the cornerstone of the new Red Wings will be McCourt, a graceful playmaker whose delt passes set up three goals in Detroit's 4-2 victory at Minnesota last Saturday night. McCourt isn't the only newcomer in Detroit. Ten of the 20 Red Wings played elsewhere last October. Lindsay's open-door policy made room on the roster for both a 12th-round pick, Center Rob Plumb, and a fourth-round choice, Defenseman John Hulsorh. Eight of Detroit's 20 regulars have not reached their 23rd birthday. They have made a couple of youthful mistakes, but they also have hustled, checked and hit. No fights. No Hanson or Durbin, either. The former went to Kansas City; the latter was placed on the bench.

"This is the best hockey town in America," Lindsay says, "and the fans know what they're talking about. Marty Pavelich and I have been sitting up there with them for years, eating our hearts out the way they have. The difference now is that I'm being paid to do something about it. And I'm trying."

END

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Really, Joe, is all this necessary?

Like all of General Manager Joe Thomas' new teams, San Francisco began with a thud, losing its first five games, but then the 49ers silenced their critics and maybe saved their coach by upsetting the Lions

One year ago at this time the San Francisco 49ers were the surprise team of the NFL. Powered by Running Backs Delvin Williams and Wilbur Jackson and sack-happy defensive linemen Cedrick Hardman and Tommy Hart, the 49ers had a 5-1 record and led the hated Los Angeles Rams in the NFC West. Their young rookie head coach, Monte Clark, was the toast of the Golden Gate.

All that is ancient history. Until they upset the Detroit Lions 28-7 last Sunday at Candlestick Park, the 49ers were the No. 1 flop of the 1977 NFL season. Now they probably share that distinction with the Cincinnati Bengals. Powered by nobody, the 49ers had an 0-5 record before they beat the Lions and their coach was the whipping boy of the Golden Gate. Not Monte Clark, mind you. He was fired by San Francisco's new own-

ers last spring, and he spent Sunday afternoon flying to a convention of Burger King owners in Colorado. The new coach is a fellow named Ken Meyer, and before the Detroit game there was heavy speculation around San Francisco that he would soon be looking for a hamburger franchise himself.

On Sunday, though, the 49ers finally played like their old selves. Williams exploded for 106 yards on the ground, Quarterback Jim Plunkett, calling his own plays for the first time all season, completed eight of 12 for 130 yards and hit Gene Washington with a pair of touchdown passes. And the dormant San Francisco defense rose up to record eight sacks and intercept its first and second passes of the year. Best of all for Meyer, the vote of confidence he had received from his bosses the previous Sunday not only did not turn into an instant kiss of death, but he went home with the game ball.

Still, the 49ers, who finished with an 8-6 record in 1976, were only 1-5—and the schedule gets no easier. What in the sainted name of Frankie Albert is going on here?

Simple. Joe Thomas, the NFL's most controversial general manager, has set up light housekeeping in San Francisco. And if past be prologue, Thomas' 49ers, their present record notwithstanding, are well on the way to becoming a juggernaut.

Spectacular shakedown, followed by spectacular turnarounds, have been the rule in Thomas' turbulent career. His shrewd personnel decisions helped convert both Minnesota and Miami from rag-tag expansion teams into Super Bowl clubs. At Baltimore Thomas inherited a championship squad growing long in the tooth, traded it in for a bunch of college kids and promptly sank to the bottom of the NFL. But just when Thomas' critics were gloating the loudest, the Colts grew into frisky racehorses and won the AFC East championship the last two seasons. Thomas could not savor his triumph; in-

stead, he lost a power struggle with Coach Ted Marchibroda, whom he had imported from the Redskins, and was fired last January by owner Robert Irsay.

Thomas took over as general manager of the 49ers on March 31st after helping the Edward J. DeBartolo family acquire the team. Predictably, Thomas got off to the bumpiest of starts by precipitating the firing of the popular Clark. Clark's contract gave him powers over all personnel decisions, the same powers that the DeBartolos had assigned to Thomas. So Thomas won that power struggle, then hired Meyer, who was the offensive coordinator for Los Angeles.

On the whole, the 49er situation didn't seem to offer Thomas the dramatic possibilities he encountered with his previous teams. Under Clark the 49ers had already launched their turnaround after



Meyer shows the emotion of a wooden Indian.



The 49ers last week Plunkett called the plays.

three straight losing years. With Williams and Jackson, San Francisco had a powerful ground game, and with Hardman, Hart, Cleveland Elum and Jimmy Webb it had one of the NFL's best front fours—The Gold Rush. A little spit here, a little polish there, and the 49ers would be in the playoffs—a piece

continued



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of cake for an old pro like Thomas.

That cake crumbled quickly. During the preseason the once-potent 49er offense went into eclipse. San Francisco lost to Houston 17-3, then was shut out on successive weeks, 33-0 by Oakland, 20-0 by Denver, and, in the season opener on Monday night TV, 27-0 by Pittsburgh. In all, the 49ers went 19 quarters without a touchdown. They finally scored, but proceeded to lose four more. So much for the playoffs. Nine fans wrote the season off in a barrage of letters to the *San Francisco Chronicle*: "How would one go about having the TV blackout on 49er games extended from 75 to 200 miles so we wouldn't be forced to sit through this?" read one.

Most of the heat for the collapse of the 49ers has fallen on Meyer. In addition to the "We want Clark" chants at games, "Fire Meyer" bumper stickers have become popular around the city. Two weeks ago a newspaper column, headlined A QUESTION OF WHEN, NOT IF, stated, "The question is no longer whether

[Meyer] will be back next year but whether he'll even survive this one." However, Eddie DeBartolo Jr., the 31-year-old club president, assured local writers that Meyer's job was not in jeopardy.

Inevitably, Meyer suffers when compared to Clark, who achieved a sort of local martyrdom by sacrificing his job to his principles last spring. Well liked by his players, Clark was the 49ers' star attraction. At 6'5" and 260 pounds he was a highly visible emotional man on the sidelines. By contrast, Meyer is quiet, and at 5'10" he seems lost in a football crowd. San Francisco fans have likened his demeanor on the sidelines to that of a cigar-store Indian.

Clark is still highly visible in the Bay Area. He and Miami Dolphin Coach Don Shula are partners in a Burger King franchise in San Jose and are planning to open another restaurant. Clark sat in the stands during the first two 49er home games, using tickets provided him under the terms of his contract, which the DeBartolos must honor through 1978.

Clark says he went to Candlestick Park "unremittingly." He arrived well ahead of the crowds, hid behind his sunglasses and lingered afterward until most of the fans had dispersed. Both outings passed without incident, which is what Clark wanted. He has steadfastly refused to be drawn into a discussion of Thomas because, he says, "I have nothing good to say about him."

When Thomas offered Meyer the coach's job, Meyer realized he would have to contend with Clark's ghost. He accepted anyway. "I had been in coaching 27 years," he says. "This was my opportunity to become a head coach." As for Thomas' reputation for being unable to coexist with head coaches once they became successful, Meyer says, "People told me that Joe Thomas had this reputation or that reputation, but one reputation he definitely has is that he gets good football players. I'd be foolish not to want to be with a man who gets me good football players."

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about the 49ers is that under Meyer's magic touch their ground game has disappeared. Last year Williams and Jackson rushed for a total of 1,995 yards; this year it doesn't appear that they will make 1,000. "Our running game has had problems," Meyer admitted Sunday. "We've been searching and searching for the answer. We have the same running backs. One of the best plays Delvin ran last year was called a 28 Bob. We kept the same name for that play, and we run it the exact same way, but until today it hardly worked at all."

What obviously worries the 49ers is Thomas' reputation for making wholesale changes in his new team's roster. But what they forget is that Thomas usually waits an entire season before making those moves. Thomas insists he will be patient in San Francisco. "At the end of this year, not before, I'll review our whole team, our whole operation," he says. "The most frustrating thing about this situation is that there is nothing I can do at the moment. We've got to get good

football players but they come from the draft. The draft is the blood and guts of any football team."

In the past Thomas has had uncanny success with the draft—remember his Bert Jones caper in Baltimore—but San Francisco has not. Since 1971 the 49ers have had nine first-round selections, but they have just three players—Plunkett, Jackson and Webb—so show for them.

Quarterback always receives top priority in Thomas' reclamation projects. For Minnesota and Miami he drafted Fran Tarkenton and Bob Griese, respectively. In Baltimore he benched the 39-year-old Johnny Unitas, looked at backup Marty Domres, then traded to acquire the draft rights to Jones. Thomas had quarterback on the brain the morning he took over the 49ers. "Plunkett is the key here," he said. "If he doesn't come through, it will set us back a few years."

Plunkett has come through this season, even when Meyer was calling his plays. Responding to a suggestion by Clark, Plunkett trimmed 20 pounds off his 6' 2"

frame in the off-season by watching his diet and running long distances. He covered the 7.8 miles in San Francisco's Bay-to-Breakers race in less than 50 minutes. This summer he reported to training camp weighing 207 pounds, and at times has dipped under 200.

Despite a shaky start in the Pittsburgh game, Plunkett has now completed better than 55% of his passes and has gained an average of better than 7.7 yards a throw. "I'm a little quicker," he admits, "but everytime I lose a lot of weight I hurt my ribs." A rib injury knocked him out of the Atlanta game in the second quarter, and he now plays with a protective pad over his right rib cage. "It hurts to throw," he says. "It even hurts to breathe." Nevertheless, Plunkett has thrown well enough to silence those who used to say he was what was wrong with the 49ers.

Surprisingly, the critics aren't criticizing Thomas, either. They know he has had the last laugh too many times. And who knows? Maybe for Thomas, the 49ers will be another piece of cake. **END**



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A test pioneered in East Germany, which involves a computer and a few drops of blood from the earlobe, may well alter U.S. methods of training and competition

Pricking up their ears

Now the U.S. is trying to catch up with the Communists on yet another front—sports medicine. This time the front-runner is not the Soviet Union but East Germany, which has made spectacular use of advances in nutrition, physiology and pharmacology to win Olympic glory out of all proportion to its population of 17 million. Taking a dim view of the U.S.'s own sports-medicine efforts, which have run largely to taping ankles and treating the sniffles, the President's Commission on Olympic Sports has called for a coordinated program to "apply lessons of the laboratories to achievement on the field." Our doctors, in other words, must beat their doctors.

The U.S. sports-medicine forces embarking on this mission are fragmented, free-wheeling and given to all sorts of conflicting approaches, which are left to coaches and athletes to somehow reconcile. This was evident at the recently concluded AAU convention in Columbus, Ohio, where the agenda included a demonstration of a lactic acid-testing system that has attracted the particular interest

of the U.S. swimming community. As explained to coaches and physiologists on the pool deck of Ohio State's new Mike Pepe Aquatic Center, GDR doctors use computerized blood-test results to determine each athlete's most efficient training pace. The procedure is said to have taken much of the guesswork out of training and contributed greatly to the GDR's Olympic successes (40 gold medals, second only to the Soviet Union's 47 at the 1976 Summer Games).

At least five U.S. swim coaches plan to evaluate the East German system this winter and compare notes on the results, though plainly some will do so with foreboding. For example, 28-year-old Mark Schubert, whose Mission Viejo (Calif.) Nadadores are the nation's No. 1 swim club, says he will try the GDR system with some of his swimmers but will also be applying his own "intuitive" judgments. And Brad Glenn, coach of the Huntsville (Ala.) Swim Association, says fretfully, "I'm going to try it, but am I going to panic in midseason?"

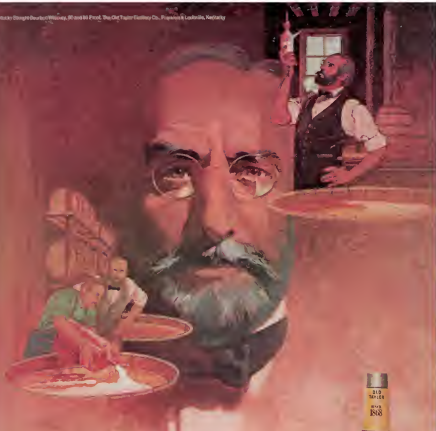
This foray into the unknown is loose-

ly orchestrated by Dr. G. R. Greenwell, the 51-year-old chairman of the AAU sports-medicine committee. A onetime diver at the University of Louisville, Bob Greenwell is a trim, garrulous fellow who last year gave up the general practice he had maintained for 20 years in Brandon, Fla. But being a doctor was only one of the things he had been doing in Brandon. He still runs a club for swimming, tennis and diving that University of Michigan Diving Coach Dick Kamball has used for years as a summer camp, training stars like Olympic gold medalists Micki King, Phil Boggs and Ulrika Knape there. Greenwell recently opened a cardiac disease-prevention clinic on the club premises and also owns an 18-hole golf course nearby.

Then there is Greenwell's AAU sports-medicine chairmanship, a position largely overlooked until he assumed it two years ago and set out to make something of it. In September of 1976, Greenwell read an Associated Press story in the Tampa Tribune-James that mentioned Dr. Alois Mader, who, before he defected from the GDR to West Germany in 1974, had been the top sports doctor at Chemie Halle, home club of now-retired swimming star Kornelia Ender. The story quoted Mader, currently an assistant professor at West Germany's Sports Medicine Institute in Cologne, as saying that in 1973 he had accurately predicted some of Ender's future performances on the basis of blood samples taken from the earlobes.

Anxious to hear more, Greenwell invited Mader to speak at the 1976 AAU convention in Phoenix some weeks later. Mader accepted, and told his American hosts that the East Germans had achieved a breakthrough in training for competition in certain categories of sport, and for stamina development in all sports. GDR doctors had concluded, he said, that participants in repetitive-motion sports that can be programmed to maintain a constant pace, such as swimming, rowing or flat distance running—as opposed to stop-and-start activities like basketball, boxing and tennis—should largely avoid intense, high-speed anaerobic exercise. Anaerobic exertion, because it requires more oxy-

continued



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gen than can be utilized efficiently by the body, causes severe oxygen debt. Therefore, in sports where performance is related primarily to stamina, athletes should train primarily in the slower, steadier aerobic range of exertion. The East Germans believed that this shift of emphasis from anaerobic exercise would lead to better performances and also reduce the risk of injury and illness. The trick was to determine each athlete's anaerobic-aerobic threshold.

Mader said it was he who devised the method that the GDR medical sports brass ultimately adopted and use to this day. As Mader explained it, the procedure is based on measurements of lactic acid, which builds up in muscle cells during exertion. (At the 1976 East German swim championships in Berlin, a *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* writer watched swimmers being led into a poolside office, where white-uniformed technicians drew blood, presumably for lactic-acid measurements, from the earlobes.) When acidity reaches a certain point, muscles will no longer produce energy. Blood is taken from an earlobe, which yields easily accessible and accurate samples, before a workout and again afterward, at intervals of one, three, five, seven and 10 minutes. The athlete then performs the same workout at a slightly different pace, and another series of blood tests is conducted. The various lactic-acid readings go into a computer, which pinpoints the anaerobic-aerobic threshold and delivers a printout detailing the optimum training pace and predicting the optimum competition pace to be maintained throughout a given race. After the athlete trains at the prescribed pace for a few weeks, his tolerance to lactic acid increases; he then undergoes the blood-testing procedure anew to determine a stepped-up regime. For American athletes, many of whom do a lot of anaerobic work, Mader's message was clear: they are often overtrained.

Greenwell brought Mader back to the U.S. last April to get more details and also visited him in Cologne, where he is still doing research in the blood-testing method. Meanwhile, the AAU's medicine man coaxed the necessary blood-analyzing equipment out of manufacturers and found a computer to use. With Mader as his German connection, Greenwell became an unabashed proselytizer for the lactic-acid procedure.

"Our approach to training has been to

go till it hurts and then keep going," says Greenwell. "According to Dr. Mader, the acid imbalance within muscle cells, to which lactic acid is the major contributor, is the weakest link in the metabolic process. When acidity becomes excessive, the athlete can no longer produce energy efficiently, which is why limits should be set on training. All this has long been known to physiologists and biochemists throughout the world, but the East Germans were the first to devise formulas to determine limits. As I see it, this has been a major key to their success."

It is not surprising that the lactic-acid procedure has caused its biggest stir in the U.S. among swim people. They are notably receptive to technological advances—and to gimmicks—and their interest in East German methods has been fueled by that country's dramatic and overwhelming domination of women's swimming. Of course, not everybody is inclined to accept the blood-testing procedure as worth the bother. Despite lactic-acid testing, East Germany's men swimmers have not dominated anyone. "Our men are the world's best, and a large chunk of their work is anaerobic," notes Bob Bartels, an Ohio State physiologist and the school's former swim coach. "Are we supposed to aban-

don what we're doing, just like that?"

In his eagerness to spread the East German gospel, Greenwell rather tends to oversell Mader's methods. He will carelessly refer to the 43-year-old Mader as the former head of the entire East German sports-medicine program, a considerable exaggeration. He also brushes off other explanations often put forward for East Germany's sporting successes, including advances in selection of athletes, weight training and technique.

One person who is troubled by Greenwell's narrow focus is Dr. Irving Dardik, the New Jersey vascular surgeon who is chairman of the United States Olympic Sports Medicine Committee. The 41-year-old Dardik oversees medical research at the USOC's new training center in Squaw Valley, Calif. (SI, Aug. 22) and Colorado Springs. He has promised thorough research into such matters as blood doping and steroid use, but he declined a request by Greenwell that the two of them collaborate on lactic-acid testing, at least until the whole Olympic program is worked out.

"We do plan to review the lactic-acid business," says Dardik, who has also visited the Cologne Sports Medicine Institute, "but I suspect you can find out the same things by measuring oxygen con-

continued



Dr. Greenwell is the No. 1 U.S. proponent of the test, which measures lactic acid in muscle cells

sumption or running treadmill tests, which we're doing. You can't take one thing and say that's the answer. The guy's a promoter."

To which Greenwell responds, "I don't feel we should ignore other possibilities. Until we test it out, we're guessing. We have followed oxygen-consumption test procedures and tested oxygen-transport capabilities without showing any tangible success. How long will we continue in this one area before we look into other possibilities? I can find more positive results from lactate-acid testing than from oxygen transport. Taking the oxygen measure does nothing to change or improve a training program."

Dardik's approach to sports medicine has also been questioned. He has yet to announce a single appointment to his six-month-old committee, and he will not say how his wide-ranging research is coming or when he is going to announce the results—though, granted, physiological profiles have been compiled on the 500-odd athletes who have trained so far in

Squaw Valley, and some intriguing biomechanical work is under way. Included are plans to experiment with Herman Frazier, the 1976 Olympic bronze medalist in the 400-meter dash, as a bobsled starter. "Dardik wants to be the whole show," says Bob Greenwell, counterpunching. "He's afraid that if anybody else gets involved, it will lower the height of his own pedestal."

It was a thoroughly upbeat Greenwell who set out to demonstrate the East German system before AAL convention-goers at Ohio State, where he planned to conduct lactate-acid tests on three Ohio State swimmers. Greenwell drew the first series of blood samples. Unhappily, things went wrong because of the technicians' unfamiliarity with the new equipment, and the tests had to be scrapped. Greenwell shrugged. "At least we showed people how to draw the blood," he said.

The coaches who plan to try the lactate-acid procedure have been scrambling to borrow the necessary lab instruments and

computers—all the gear could cost more than \$40,000, though the first-stage blood-testing equipment alone would only be around \$5,000—and to obtain volunteer technicians. Some critics argue that whether it winds up helping or not, the GDR system smacks of an effort to create bionic athletes. But Mission Viejo's Schubert says, "I think these tests may show that we do overtrain some of our athletes. But then we may be under-training others. The point is, training is an individual thing and this could help us tailor workouts to suit each athlete."

Schubert is a go-getter who was in touch with Mader even before Greenwell came onto the scene. In gamely pushing ahead with the experiment, he evinces the sort of scientific spirit that may keep the U.S.'s budding sports-medicine movement from dissolving. "Some people say the lactate-acid tests probably won't help," Schubert says. "Well, how do we know unless we try? We've got to start testing the validity of some of the things other countries are doing." **END**



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by **BILL BRADLEY**



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Bill Bradley



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CONTINUED

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Pro basketball is a simple game. It is a sport in which success, as symbolized by the championship, requires that the community goal prevail over selfish impulses. An exceptional player is simply one point on a five-pointed star. Great individual players may earn dollars for the owner just as a sideshow does for the circus, but stardom is if anything a deterrent in the pursuit of a championship.

Only three teams in the modern era—the Celtics of 1957-67, the Knicks of 1968-74 and the Celtics of 1973-77—have played basketball and won championships by consistently exhausting the potentiality of team play. Next year Portland may become the fourth—or the Blazers may become another one-year wonder, such as St. Louis, 1958; Philadelphia, 1967; Milwaukee, 1971; Los Angeles, 1972; or Golden State, 1975. Each of these teams had unselfishness and clear coaching direction—and all gave a maximum effort. But these qualities did not last beyond the roaring chants of "We're No. 1!" A temporary unity apparently dissolved somewhere under the glare of postchampionship TV lights or in the sweat of the following year's training camp. As Bill Russell used to say, "It's easier to become No. 1 than to stay No. 1."

During the last 15 years, the nature of ownership in professional basketball has changed from personal to corporate, from the paternalistic to the mechanistic. The old owners were businessmen from the Depression. They were promoters who had not always known where their team's next game would be played or how they would meet the next payday, but they knew their players personally. They traveled with them and sometimes shared accommodations. A franchise was run as if it were a man and a pa drugstore, with all the accompanying inefficiency and love. The only person from that era still active to any great extent is Eddie Gottlieb, the former owner of the Philadelphia Warriors and one of the league's founding fathers. At age 78, he is now a consultant to the NBA, and the schedule is still his responsibility. He alone determines who plays whom, when and where, and he does it without the aid of a computer. A call in July to the NBA office, requesting next season's schedule, meets the response, "Gee, Eddie hasn't got to it yet. You know it takes time."

Nowadays, there are two types of ownership. One is a

new class of entrepreneurs who typically have made their millions in something else—in real estate, rugs, cookies or fried chicken. They think that basketball is much the same sort of business. The game becomes a product, players become widgets and fans become markets. Occasionally these otherwise good businessmen ignore rudimentary business practices in the pursuit of their new hobby. But more frequently their accustomed methods of evaluation and review prove inadequate in dealing with the diversity of human problems involved in running a professional basketball team.

If new entrepreneurs create one style of franchise, linked corporate ownership creates still another. It frequently happens that a large corporation owns or acquires a smaller corporation, which in turn owns or controls a team. Several major U.S. companies participate in franchise ownership. Three layers of management sometimes separate a general manager (the basketball expert) from the man who controls the purse strings. Two phenomena result: the players get higher salaries, and in making decisions the general manager operates from fear. If a man who has played the game in dance halls hears a salary demand from an agent, he probably will laugh and say no. He remembers his first paycheck. He makes sure that if he does say yes he is paying for a great player. A corporate executive first calculates the bottom line: how much revenue, prestige or publicity the athlete will bring to the corporation. He often says yes because he believes that star X will add enough excitement to increase attendance and so pay the freight. If things don't work out, he can probably sell his team at a profit, particularly when one considers that he might have put down only 15% in cash for ownership.

A general manager who has that many hoses cannot make sound decisions. The owner wants a champion now. The general manager knows that it takes time and a little luck to assemble the right players. "You're the genius," the corporate executive says, "turn the team around." The general manager, however, cannot filter his won-lost record through accounting procedures that will make it seem as if he won more than he lost. His degree of success will be known by anyone who can count victories. But the desire to succeed quickly leads him to go against his better judgment. He suggests, "Let's buy a star."

The executive in charge now summons his public-relations adviser, his accountant, his lawyer and his basketball expert. The accountant suggests where the money to pay

the star will come from. The PR man speaks of the benefit that the company and city will derive from the acquisition. The lawyer keeps everything within the law or advises on chances of winning probable litigation. The general manager, more familiar with locker rooms than corporate suites, does not feel secure enough to say "Wait." He nods yes and the deal is done. The owner feels he's getting quality because of his advice from the expert and because he can see that he is paying a quality price.

The general manager hopes the new star will prove to be a team player. Initial press releases refer to him as a savior, and if he is white, so much the better. As the season begins, large crowds expect the impossible. Soon it becomes clear that the savior can't play defense. He loafs every third game. He chokes in the clutch and develops a personality conflict with the coach. There is heavy rain on the parade to glory. Why did the general manager go against his better judgment? Pressure from a rug executive.

On a basketball team all players can't be all things. The essence of the game is selectivity, knowing limitations and abiding by them. Some players are capable of exercising many skills, but their team situation requires that they concentrate on one. A general manager alone, however, cannot effectively order a player to fulfill a certain on-court role with a team. When I was a rookie, management kept telling one of our guards to make the big play, run the middle on the fast break and set up the forwards for their best shots. For several weeks the player tried but we lost. The coach, who seemed to want more than a playmaker, benched him. Thereafter when he got into a game, the man shot every time he touched the ball. The role assigned to him by upper management could not be played without the support of his team and coach. A player can play an on-court role only if everyone agrees. Roles don't come from a job description sheet. There is more to them than physical skill.

They must evolve within the context of the team so that creative spontaneity is preserved while at the same time self-sacrifice is volunteered. Inability to accept an on-court role has shortened the careers of many players.

Off-court roles also serve an important function in the development of a championship team. They determine the amount of harmony that exists among teammates during the season's eight months of constant travel. A team cannot have four comedians, five leaders, six fighters, three thinkers and seven darlings of the press. Each person must find his place and sense his role within the group. The off-court and on-court roles are connected to the degree that, for example, one cannot lead unless he has ample playing time. The less conflict there is off-court, the more the inevitable friction of competition can be minimized. On the Knicks of 1969-70 Dick Barnett was the comedian and Wilt Reed the fighting leader. Walt Frazier and Dave DeBusschere were the players quoted in the press most frequently. I was the union representative who didn't want commercials or mind being laddered. No one encroached on the other's territory. When Wilt Chamberlain joined Los Angeles in 1968, Elgin Baylor was the verbal leader off court. He gave the nicknames and made the jokes on the bus. Wilt's presence on the team challenged his role because Wilt sought preeminence in conversation as well as in basketball statistics. In situations that should have been humorous, Wilt and Elgin ended up arguing. No general manager can determine off-court personality roles. They just happen.

Teams develop when talents and personalities mesh. No one told the Knicks (DeBusschere, Reed, Barnett, Frazier and Bradley) to play together in 1968-69. Because of certain injuries we were forced to play without substitutes. As mutual support increased, each of us prospered. In one stretch we won 16 of 17 games. Golden State, the



A New Jersey Democrat with unannounced political ambitions, Bradley presses the flesh of such as the mayor of Camden and Rockway restaurant workers.

BILL BRADLEY

continued

eventual champion, entered the 1974-75 season expected to finish last. Portland began 1977 far from being everyone's favorite. Both teams had players whose roles and personalities jelled during the year.

The sudden rush of awareness that a group has become a meshed team provides each member with a remarkable sense of power. Each game is eagerly anticipated. Road games suddenly seem like a paid vacation. You begin to see in your teammates good qualities that before went unnoticed. The timing of plays becomes perfect. At least five years of total glory race through your imagination and you spend the next year's playoff check at Christmas. Other groups that are further back along the road toward unity look foolish against the confident effort of a well-blended team.

Sometimes one player can bring together a team of disparate talents. Frequently that player is an enforcer. For years, Portland had great players—even Bill Walton—but they were not together. No one had the ability and the strength to establish order on the court without upsetting the balance of personality off the court. Maurice Lucas provided that ingredient. Similarly, the acquisition of Paul Silas by Boston in 1972 changed a group of five players into a championship team. When the Knicks traded Walt Bellamy for Dave DeBusschere in 1968, enabling Willis Reed to move to center, Willis was suddenly free to extend his considerable on-court presence to the team as a whole. Willis' dominant physical stature was now matched with the dominant position. With Bellamy on the team it was as if Willis were obeying some unwritten code of conduct that restrained him. Once he took over at center, his natural leadership qualities blossomed. Although violence erupts in a game only a few times a year, it is comforting to know that one player on your team can fight and, if needed, will come to your rescue. It is particularly comforting when that player is 6' 10" and 240 pounds.

Because no general manager can perform a useful enough psychological evaluation of draftees or trades, there is always a certain amount of surprise when a team composed by the general manager jells in its first year. Pure luck is present if the team stays together in following years. It is luck because the general manager's best-drawn plan can be destroyed by an injury to a key player or by the changes in personality that often occur in the lives of young men. Yesterday's All-America is at least as likely to become tomorrow's dropout as to become the league's premier forward.

A team that performs well over time exudes a certain amount of magic. The group becomes something apart—separate from coach, owner or public. Codes of conduct, lines of authority and pride all originate within the dynamics of the group and convey a "difference" to outsiders. The more team members talk about "the team," the more the press writes about a "dynasty." Other teams read the papers and begin to feel that even referees favor the dynasts, which makes it even more difficult for an opponent to win.

The first nine players on a meshed team do most of the playing. With 48 minutes in a game there is never enough floor time for everyone. If the 10th, 11th and 12th men cannot accept their limited roles, they can destroy the team.

The last three players must feel lucky to be there. They must not believe that the coach, by giving them little playing time, is depriving them of a slot on the all-league team. Constant grumbling from the men at the end of the bench only poisons the team atmosphere.

A great individual player can be a good team player, particularly if he was once on a winner and he joins a team with distinct roles. Earl Monroe joined the Knicks from the Bulls as the premier one-on-one player in basketball. During his first three years in New York his attention from the press declined but his skills and his value to the team expanded. He is a pro who knows the fundamentals. The adjustment was easy for him. Those who know the game respected him even more after those years.

An individual star who has played only for losing teams, on the other hand, often finds the transition to team play difficult. He frequently misses basic assignments such as blocking out, passing or taking only the good shot. Yet one new player cannot change a team that has jelled. In 1975, when the Celtics acquired Charlie Scott, he had the rap (perhaps unjustified) of being a selfish complainer. He joined a Celtics team that had veterans such as John Havlicek, Paul Silas, Jo Jo White, Dave Cowens and Don Nelson. Yet the first time I saw Scott play as a Celtic, he seemed to be trying to run the basic Celtic plays. He went on to be one of the key players in their 1976 championship. They won the way all Celtic teams have won—with a fast break and with considerable defensive and offensive discipline. The fragile balance of talent, personality and pride in the group was retained.

Players who jell together often age together, too. To rebuild a team from top to bottom is as difficult as starting an expansion franchise. The Celtics faced the problem in 1970-72 and they're facing it now. The Knicks faced it in 1975-77. Los Angeles in 1974 and Chicago in 1975. The first time, Boston chose to finish near last place, the next year the Celtics were able to get Cowens early in the first round of the draft. Los Angeles and the Knicks tried to solve the problem by acquiring star replacements. These did not bring a championship but helped the teams finish just high enough in the standings to lose the next year's outstanding players in the draft. In the future, patience will be at even more of a premium for teams needing to rebuild. An enlarged free-agent pool will tempt many a general manager with the possibility of patching his team with a star.

A championship team must have a coach who can lead. His task is difficult because he must function alone, not as a part of management and not really as a member of the team. A great coach is mature, able to understand his players. Red Auerbach, for example, knew how to take Bill Russell's anger and channel it into the game. Alvin Attles sensed that Rick Barry would become a dominant leader if he were designated the official captain. For one year Bill Sharman flattered Wilt Chamberlain into playing only one role on the team. Gene Shue knew he could not publicly prefer Dr. J over George McGinnis. Red Holzman claimed that to get DeBusschere to agree to anything you had to want the opposite of what you asked him. "Dave, we're not having shooting practice tomorrow," he would say.

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BILL BRADLEY

continued

"Gee, Red, I don't think that's good for the team."

"O.K., Dave, we'll shoot at three."

A great coach knows which players need verbal correction and which he must compliment in order to produce a winning result. A great team coach has a plan built on beliefs about the game. He may alter strategy but he never changes his principles, no matter how many newly acquired stars challenge him. Coaches who compromise must try to con their players, the owner and the public. They may get paychecks a few more years but they never win championships.

A coach must be a drill sergeant until his players know his system. Without clear, firm direction there can be no team in the clutch. You can't turn on team play as if it were a water spigot. Good timing doesn't happen without practice. During the 1977 Portland-Philadelphia final, when the Blazers lobbed the ball to Walton on the weak side, no 76er turned to see the ball. When Lucas beat McGinnis across the lane, no one helped out. Through the year, and even in the series against Boston, the 76ers had largely ignored defensive positioning. Most of them thought they could block their opponents' shots whenever it seemed essential. But team defense is more than jumping to block another man's shot. When one man beats another one-on-one or on a good pass, only team defense can stop him. The Blazers played defense well, perhaps because they knew that although Walton was getting the publicity, only the five playing together unselfishly could be champion.

Every coach who wins a championship has proved to be a good game coach. During the fifth game, Portland's lead against Philadelphia dropped from 16 points to just one. Lionel Hollins was trying to dribble through the 76er press. The pressure had forced the Blazers to speed up their tempo. They were daring without purpose and losing the ball. Coach Jack Ramsay called time out to break the negative inertia. He probably did little more than remind the Blazers to calm down and to execute without panic, which they did. In order to be a good game coach in such situations, the coach and players must have agreed in advance upon a game plan and style of play.

Finally, a good coach must celebrate in private. He cannot gloat to the press

continued

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BILL BRADLEY

continued

after a victory or criticize heavily after defeat. He cannot take credit without angering some of the players. His is a game of such motivation and strategy that only a few people—and seldom the owner—understand his craft. He is in some ways like a good father—sensitive, stern and clear.

Beyond organization and coaching, the most important requirement for a pro championship is to have players who work hard every night, who share, and who have complementary skills. From exhibitions to playoffs, a team plays more than 100 games. Players often have four games in five nights in four different cities. By February the fatigue is visible. Frequently there is not enough time for physical rest, even if a player uses his days wisely. One must go out each night and push hard to win. But the mental strain of putting 100% effort into each game must be overcome if you are to win a championship. DeBusschere used to look at Reed in the locker room of the fourth town in five days and their glances alone seemed to be saying, "I'm tired. I don't want to go out there. But, well, if you do it, I will." Neither wanted to embarrass himself or to lose the respect of his teammates. So they went out and worked, like all of us, for as long as they had strength.

After the game, when a team of workers showers, each knows the others have given their all. It is an honest relationship. There is no suppressed rancor, for example, that X or Y didn't set picks, or rebound or hustle on defense. There is, instead, the assured feeling that on that night the team went as far as its collective abilities permitted. If the outcome is a loss, the attitude is we lost because we were beaten, not because we did not extend ourselves fully. We could not have worked harder. No player will make every screen or get every rebound, but it is easy to see who is trying to make things easier for a teammate—who is doing those things that only the other players can appreciate. To me the greatest compliment was to have players say they liked to play with me.

Great individuals, like great teams, have a tendency to become complacent at times. But if a player coasts for long, no matter what his talent level, there will be a time when he finds himself in a situation of maximum demand in which he

alone can't make a sufficient effort for victory. In every team's championship season there is a feeling of invincibility that perhaps can be engendered by come-from-behind victories—the Knicks coming from 14 points back in seven minutes to win, the Celtics winning a crucial playoff game after being down 20. It is as if they tempted fate, sure of their ability to rescue any situation before disaster. The realization that a loss is imminent jars them into action. When this happens to a meshed team, it often can pull the game out, but a group of unmeshed individuals will find themselves in a clash of frantic solo effort.

A good team system generally requires the following kinds of players: an offensive forward who runs well, a defensive (power) forward who rebounds well, a good-shooting forward ready on the bench, an offensive guard who shoots well, a playmaking guard who is strong on defense, a swingman who can play either forward or guard and an aggressive center who plays defense well and directs the flow of action. Each player does not have to be a complete player, good at shooting, dribbling, rebounding and passing. Many times a player's limitation becomes his strength.

A small forward, such as Bob Gross of Portland, has a very specific job. By agreeing to play his designated role, he does not develop in the public eye as a star. The proof of his ability lies not in his "stats" but in the success of his team. His skills within his role complement those of his teammates. Movement without the ball provides openings for passes to him from Bill Walton. He makes passes to Herm Gilliam and lobs to Walton. He screens for Lucas or Hollins. His play illustrates one of the maxims of team play—help someone else and you help yourself.

When a center sets a screen for a forward who receives a pass for a shot, he helps his teammate. A good screen leads to a clear shot. After three or four of these shots the defense begins to anticipate the screen. Then the forward feints toward the screener and goes back door. Both the defensive forward and the defensive center go with him, leaving the offensive center, who has set the screens, with an easy shot. He gets the shot because he earlier sacrificed himself as a screener. Now, after that first easy shot,

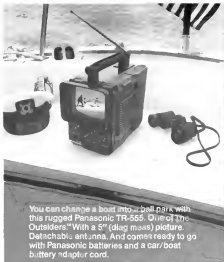
the defense must start guessing. What next—is it a forward shot off a screen, a forward back door, or a back door with the shot by the center? This is an impossible situation to cover without a planned team defense. The situation developed only because one player sacrificed himself for another.

The year Golden State won the title it worked to perfection a series of plays along the baseline. A guard crossed the line and gave a screen for Rick Barry. If the guard set a good one, Barry had a layup. Next time around, Barry set a screen for a guard, who got a short jumper. Once the screens were established, the opposition could only guess which was coming. The defense could follow the ball out front, but it was difficult for a defender to watch simultaneously the screener, his man and the movement of the ball—so defensive mistakes were inevitable. Each one resulted in a good shot for Golden State. The whole series of plays was dependent on two unselfish actions—the screen, and a pass when the moment was right. The pass is no small thing. A matter of a split-second can make the difference between a good shot and no shot. Just as important is the pass that leads to the pass that gets the assist.

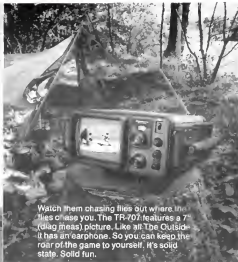
When the ball moves, everyone is happy. In the first half of the sixth game of the Portland-Philadelphia series, Doug Collins, one of the better guards in the NBA and certainly an eventual part of the 76ers offense, touched the ball only seven times on offense—an amazing statistic. Think what that statistic reveals about the ball movement of the 76ers. No one was sharing. Everyone was watching on offense—standing around waiting for his turn for the solo. Maybe someday a team will have so much individual firepower that on that alone it can win a championship. It hasn't happened yet.

One of the ironies of the 76ers is that the team's biggest star, Julius Erving, is a team player. On the ABA champion New York Nets, Dr. J, while soaring to the peak of his incredible ability, also gave generously to his teammates. During the 1976-77 season his wife Turquoise wrote a letter to *The New York Times* saying that things in Philadelphia were different. She didn't like the way the 76ers played. On the Philadelphia team everyone wanted to be Dr. J. That cut

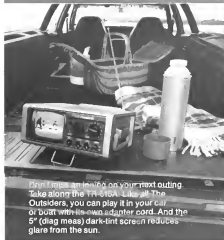
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BILL BRADLEY

continued

has freedom, for even Dr. J cannot soar at will. He requires a range of opportunity to keep the defense guessing—to preserve surprise. Because each player would not trust his teammates to pass, and therefore needed the ball to play well, those chances decreased.

Only a couple of the Sixers had the ability to move without the ball. When Dr. J wanted to pass, no one moved to the open spot to receive it. His passes were forced and often unproductive. His teammates were standing and watching. They were waiting for their turn with the ball and, not surprisingly, were clogging up his operating space. When Dr. J moved without the ball, no one hit him with a pass. The only place he consistently received the ball was along the baseline, where he could easily be double-teamed, or high above the key, where he had to beat the entire Portland team. The 76ers were playing as if they were five parallel lines, equidistant from one another, guaranteed never to touch.

People on a meshed team will help each other personally. They might not share innermost thoughts, fears or hopes, but the locker room humor and the long late night flights, the hours in bars and hotel rooms do give teammates an intimate sense of each other. When one man gets down, another picks him up. A group of self-dedicated soloists, on the other hand, never ceases its internal competition. When George McGinnis discovered that he couldn't intimidate Maurice Lucas, he played badly, missing easy shots. His teammates kidded him sarcastically, even in practice, with shouts of "Breck!" when he missed shots. With such encouragement (even from two or three teammates) it is no wonder that his slump worsened.

A player who is missing says to himself, "I'll just keep shooting and I'll be through the slump," or "My chances improve with each missed shot." But when his peers' comments intensify the facts, his confidence begins to waiver. As his teammates jeer, he feels further and further alienated from the group. He may even do things to subvert the group and the only thing everyone shares—a chance for victory. If he is a scorer, he may decide not to shoot, or he may suddenly feel he wants to change his role to that of passer. When the coach takes him out, he scowls. The lack of confidence has

now been transformed into a childish posture that eats up the team. Psychological balance is gone. More friction develops and less team basketball is played.

When owners pay players for their contribution to the team and not for their star appeal, owners will be more likely to have winners. Most players feel that their contract-negotiating strength depends on their statistics. They are unwilling to pass up a shot, or dive for a loose ball, or make the pass that leads to an assist. Since kids first started getting recognition for playing basketball, they have received it from people who see the game in terms of its dominant statistic—points. Most of the outstanding-player awards go to the scorers. In his need to develop pride and confidence, an adolescent therefore will try to score points first and play team ball second. Agents encourage the tendency. They know what the press reports. It is easier to write a verbal box score in 300 words than to explain the human interaction that led to a team's loss of a 20-point lead. Furthermore, it is easier to bargain in behalf of a star than a team player—particularly if the owner doesn't know the game. "Why, he scored 20 points per game," says the agent. "That's two points more than last year. That's worth another \$10,000." The owner has to say yes or no. If the agent says, "He was the glue of the team," the owner says, "Anybody can be the glue. I need a superstar."

For 15 years Wilt Chamberlain was the dominant individual in professional basketball. He was the star who could do anything. During one year he averaged 50.4 points per game, and in one game scored 100. Over his career he averaged 22.9 rebounds a game. He once got 55 against Boston. He led the league in rebounding 11 times and once in assists. Chamberlain pointed to his statistical achievements as specific measurements of his ability. And they were, but if an individual claims superiority in all aspects of the game he cannot avoid the ultimate responsibility for victory or defeat. So the more often he lost (perhaps because he usually had mediocre teammates) and tried to absolve himself by referring to his individual achievements, the more he became, in the eyes of the fans, a giant who should never lose. Chamberlain failed ultimately because his personal needs clashed with the nec-

essary self-sacrifice involved with team play. He wanted to be known and loved, homes, women, cars, basketball statistics, and money only provided accompaniment to his primary goal—celebrity.

Chamberlain's shortcomings as a team man were unique because few players have ever had his potential. Most players believe the quickest route to stardom does lie in scoring points, but more is demanded of the superstar center Jo Jo White, Fred Brown, Phil Chenier are legitimate stars—guards who can score. But Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Dave Cowens and Bill Walton have a bigger responsibility. A center is the man around whom the whole offense revolves. If he cannot pass, or will not pass, team play dies. If he plays no defense, he cannot help his teammates on a screen or intimidate an opposing forward who is driving to the basket. When the game is close, he may try to rally his team with words, but his past selfishness makes his urgings ring hollow. He cannot lead because he has not set the right example. Instead of bringing a group together, the shooting center will isolate other players. He scores a lot and so the press says he's great, but his teammates know they will never win a championship.

A former pro once summed up what it takes to have a meshed team with the phrase "You can't buy heart." That I suppose is what many of us see in a team game and why it is so very difficult to achieve. Five men live and share an unusual communion, achieving unity but not at the expense of individual imagination. You're really betting on the human spirit as much as on mechanical skills. In a day when many workers get paid eight hours' wages for six hours' work, when many politicians ignore the needs of their constituents, and when a lot of policemen fail to show up on a blackout emergency call, why should basketball players be different? A few will loaf, but the contrast between them and members of a well-blended team is stark. Those who have ever played on a team never forget the excitement of their work or the fulfillment of a championship. Those who have watched on the night of a final game must sense that they have witnessed ultimate cooperation, that they have seen an unusual kind of sharing, that they have glimpsed a better world—one unobtainable outside the arena. **END**

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BUCKING BRONCOS

Sir,

Ed! You put a Denver Bronco, Rubin Carter, on your cover (Oct. 17), but you did it just before our undefeated team was to play the undefeated Oakland Raiders. All I could think of was the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED cover jinx and those Raiders beating us again. (I'm hold on! Our 3-4 "Orange Crush" defense intercepted seven Kenny Stabler passes (once for a touchdown by Louie Wright) and recovered an Oakland fumble as Denver won 30-7. Please jinx us again. For starters you can feature our linemen (Randy Gradishar, Joe Rizzo, Bob Swenson and Tom Jackson), who are perhaps the best four in the NFL.

DINO DESANTIS
Lakewood, Colo.

HOCKEY'S FATE

Sir,

Peter Gammons' preview of the 1977-78 hockey season cannot go unchallenged by Indianapolis fans. He calls Indianapolis "reject city" and says that the Racers have players that no one else wants. I can assure you that we want them.

Two years ago, as the clock ran down and the New England Whalers eliminated the Racers in the seventh game of the playoffs by a score of 6-0, the 8,000 Indianapolis fans still in attendance gave their team a standing ovation. Do you think that would happen in New York? I doubt it. Our players may not be the most talented, but we enjoy their play and support them all the way. We averaged more than 9,000 fans last year.

LES BRANDT JR.
Indianapolis

Sir,

Why does SPORTS ILLUSTRATED continue to downgrade the World Hockey Association and refer to it as a dying minor league? According to all the reports I've read, the league is more solvent than it has been in its six-year history. It is true the WHA lost four teams in the past year. The owners have had the good sense to fold those that are unable to pay their own way, unlike the NHL, which continues to pump millions of dollars each year into its floundering franchises.

On the ice, the WHA has also improved. In exhibition games, this season against the NHL, the WHA came away with a 13-6-2 record. Not bad for a minor league.

TOM SLATT
Columbus, Ala.

Sir,

I read with disbelief Alan Eagleson's remark that there aren't more than 20 major league hockey cities in North America. Who

is he trying to kid? The problem is not a lack of good hockey cities, rather, it is a growing list of cities where fans are no longer willing to pay as much as \$14 more than 40 times a year to see Eagleson's overpaid clients perform. All of the current NHL and WHA cities are good hockey markets, and so are most of the cities that have lost their hockey franchises in recent years. If hockey teams were able to charge baseball-level ticket prices (which aren't so cheap anymore, either), major league hockey arenas once again would be packed.

CHARLES HALL
Dayton

Sir,

It is no surprise that hockey is dying. It is a simple matter of suicide. In a little more than a decade the sport has grown to five or six times its previous size, even though there is little player development in the U.S. The resulting lack of competition has made most games dull, yet ticket prices have risen. The NHL owners, choosing to ignore all this, refused to merge and consolidate with the WHA, though that would have reduced expenses and heightened competition.

At the same time, people are daily turning away from the sport because of its brutality. The recent disgraceful Bruins-Flyers brawl resulted in only minimum fines and suspensions. Does this suggest another season of little punishment for mass thuggery on the ice?

Hockey will soon go the way of the Roller Derby. It need only look in the mirror to see why.

JIM WIEGERT
New York City

YANKEE INEQUITY

Sir,

So the Yankees won it all. And what moral conclusion are we to draw from this? I suppose a lot of baseball fans will merely turn cynical: money can buy world championships just as it can buy love, happiness and friendship. The Yankees certainly seem to have disproved some of our most cherished beliefs. There is no denying the skills of the individual Yankee players, but to call them a team is a joke.

MARIA WELDON
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir,

I'm sick and tired of hearing all the nonsense about how New York bought the championship and what a disgrace the Yankees are to baseball. The truth of the matter is that the Yankees won because they fought hard on the playing field until the end. They are champions because of an owner, George

Steinbrenner, who is concerned about pleasing the fans, a manager, Billy Martin, who is the best in the business, and a bunch of hard-nosed players who came through despite the pressure put on them by the media.

WILLIAM KIMBALL JR.
Somerset, N.J.

SLIDE RULES

Sir,

How much longer is the baseball establishment going to allow frustrated offensive linemen like Hal McRae and Graig Nettles to assault defenseless infielders. I am referring to flagrantly abusive tactics during the American League playoffs in which neither of these players showed more than a passing interest in reaching second base, their prime concern being to dominate the man covering the base (A Series Full of Flip-Flops, Oct. 17). A hard, aggressive slide is one thing, but blocking and tackling have no place on a baseball field.

CHUCK ROBERTSON
Shelton, Wash.

Sir,

When Pete Rose, with elbows flying, does it, it is called hustling. When just about anyone else does it, it is called hawking. But when Hal McRae dares to do it against the mighty Yankees it is immediately called dirty. Having watched many collisions at second base in which the runner has gone two or three feet either side of the base to make contact, I thought McRae's slide was just about perfect. The instant replay showed Randolph's foot coming off the bag as McRae, going directly over the bag, hit him. I call that hustling.

DON PHILBRICK
Lincoln, Kans.

TOD DANGEROUS?

Sir,

Thank you for spreading the word about the survey and report on trampoline injuries by Dr. Harvey Kravitz of the American Academy of Pediatrics (SCIENCE, Oct. 17). In 1960, at a summer camp, I broke my neck on a trampoline exactly in the manner described by Dr. Kravitz. Pure luck and a skilled surgeon at the Mayo Clinic allowed me to survive without permanent paralysis.

The dangers of the trampoline have been publicized before, but never with success. Surely, with the knowledge of this survey, any school or camp will be negligent if it allows children in its care to use a trampoline.

JOEL D. BRONSTEIN
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Sir,

My aversion to this particular type of sport or exercise became intense after I had seen three vigorous young athletes suddenly trans-

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

formed into vegetating paralyzics as a result of all-too-common trampoline accidents.

Let's hope the report of the pediatricians will come to the attention of all the various organizations now concerned with the medical aspects of sports. Down with the trampoline!

WILLIAM J. RYAN, MD
New Smyrna Beach, Fla.

Sir:

Certainly no one wants to see anyone seriously hurt, especially when the injury results from an activity that is supposed to provide enjoyment. But where do you stop? It is no secret that football players also suffer paralyzing—even fatal—injuries. Is it not "just plain logic" to ban that game as well? The same goes for boxing, wrestling, swimming (people drown), jogging (people get hit by cars), golf (people have heart attacks), etc. I suspect there is not one sport in which, if you looked hard enough, you couldn't find instances of participants being severely injured or killed. Do we ban all sports? Do we ban all playground equipment? Is there not an element of personal choice, personal freedom involved?

EDWARD MASTER
East Brunswick, N.J.

Sir:

Contrary to Dr. Kravitz, I feel that with correct supervision the trampoline is a tremendous asset to any physical-education program in developing body awareness, coordination, agility, balance and many physical skills. I am, however, in favor of the certification of trampoline instructors.

The trampoline was used early in the development of our space program as a training device for astronauts. It is used as a learning aid for students with perceptual motor problems (*The Slow Learner in the Classroom* by Newell Carlyle Kephart). To ban the trampoline would be a great disservice to these children. The trampoline is also used by many divers and skiers to facilitate their learning of various techniques.

We know there are accidents on the trampoline, just as there are many in skiing. We do not, however, advocate a ban on skiing. We know that there is permanent paralysis and spinal-cord damage as a result of automobile accidents, yet we do not advocate the banning of cars.

I am advocating that every trampoline or gymnastics instructor be certified by the U.S. Trampoline Association and by the U.S. Gymnastics Safety Association, whose certification programs have been established with the assistance of the Red Cross, along the lines of its program for swimming instructors. I am positive that most trampoline accidents can be prevented with the implementation of these safety procedures.

BRIAN KLAUS
Certifier
U.S. Gymnastics Safety Association
East Stroudsburg, Pa.

PRESERVING THE BWCA

William Oscar Johnson's article on the Boundary Waters Canoe Area (*Preserving Sutures for a Wild Paradise*, Oct. 10) invites comment. The real issue is our use of public land and the double standards we employ in our decision making. That the BWCA requires care is beyond doubt. But is the "incursion of commerce" problem solved by Congressman Donald Fraser's bill? Prohibiting motors in the BWCA would surely cause some businesses to fail, but it also would allow canoe outfitters to operate on the very fringes of the area. Are we being consistent in eliminating logging and some local industry while allowing other industries to profit from the use of the area?

Moreover, the majority of visitors to the BWCA travel by rented canoe, so the exclusion of all outboard motors and snowmobiles can hardly solve the largest problem, which is too many people. The biggest charges visible to me since my last visit there more than 20 years ago are the greatly increased numbers of people who go into the area and the damage they cause. It has reached the point where the use of the words "wilderness," "pristine" and "untouched" becomes questionable. On a single day's journey up the Knife Lake chain recently, I counted more than 100 canoes.

DAVE BLUMERT
Rush City, Minn.

Sir:

As a native Minnesotan and a professional forester, I was both encouraged and angered by your article on the BWCA controversy. As complex as the issue is, with both sides having legitimate arguments, it seems ironic to me that a subcommittee in Washington, with a Californian as its head, will decide the fate of this beautiful area. Why not let the people of Minnesota decide?

DAVID WILLIAMS
Kalispell, Mont.

Sir:

Obviously, Congressman James L. Oberstar has never bathed under a waterfall or dipped his cup to drink crystal clear water from a lake. Or turned his head to watch an eagle soar. Or gotten high on a sunset. And when was the last time he saw a midnight sky so full of stars and northern lights that he forgot to go to sleep?

When you visit a place like the BWCA, you realize that it is a national, not a local resource, and that it is part of an international wilderness sanctuary. Whatever wilderness there is on this earth right now is priceless. If it is lost, it can never be replaced.

JOHN BEATTY
Chicago

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